HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XVII.—No. 860.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1873. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING THE GREAT GRIZZLY BEAR FALL.—[See Page 526.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 21, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously a magnificently illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a splendid double-page picture, an interesting illustrated story, another installment of Lord Lytton's new Novel, "The Parisians," and other literary and artistic attractions of the very highest order.

With the next Number of Harper's Weekly will be sent out gratuitously a splendidly illustrated Eight-page Supplement, containing a choice variety of reading matter and attractive pictures.

OUR NORTHWESTERN GRANARY.

The growth of the Northwestern States, as described in the recent census, offers the most remarkable picture in the annals of nations. With a sudden stride a group of powerful communities have sprung up in the wilderness, and in a few years have surpassed the greatness of many European kingdoms. All the advantages of modern civilization have been carried to the fertile territory that surrounds the sources of the Mississippi. Schools and colleges, railways and roads, fine cities and prosperous villages, a population enterprising and public-spirited beyond example, fill the wide landscape where twenty years ago the Indian had scarcely abandoned his hunting field, and the settler was aiming his first blows at the primeval forest. The State of Minnesota, from a population of 6000 in 1850, has risen within twenty years to 439,000; Wisconsin, from 300,000 in 1850, to 1,054,000 in 1870. Nebraska and Kansas, Dakota and Montana, flourishing States or Territories, have scarcely yet driven the savages from their borders. Iowa, from 192,000 inhabitants twenty years ago, has risen to 1,194,000; while the older States of Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, and Indiana, that form the exterior line of the new empire, seem to have lost little of their progressive vigor. Ten millions of people encircle the borders of the great lakes and rivers, and ten millions more are soon to gather around the central waters of the continent.

A power has been developed in this recent wilderness of which not many have formed a just conception. The Northwestern States are already the food-producing section of the continent, and hold that rigid control over all the rest that ever lies with those who feed their fellow-men. It would be useless to name the millions of bushels of wheat, the hundreds of millions of bushels of corn, the limitless profusion of beef, bacon, or produce of various kinds, that spring from this matchless territory, and pour out their ceaseless supplies to America and to Europe. Within a few years the once savage fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin have become the sources of plenty to London and New York. Their fertility for the present seems boundless, and the tide of cultivation is still pouring Westward, finding new scenes of prolific agriculture. What Egypt was to Constantinople or Africa to Rome, what Dantzic and Odessa were to England and France, the Northwest has become to the Anglo-Saxon race; and but for the sudden and unprecedented profusion of its ceaseless productiveness, but for the energy of its farmers, and the vigorous republicanism of its people, it is not difficult to see that the progress of mankind must have been checked for the want of food. Starvation would have thinned the manufactories of New England, and the high prices of corn must have borne heavier upon the laborers of every land.

The claims of the Northwest upon the rest of the community, North, South, or East, are evident. It will not do to disregard the demands of those who give us our food. Whatever they ask in reason should be granted. And the single aim which now seems to agitate the great body of the food-producing portion of the Union is the improvement of our means of internal communication. Whether by canals or railroads, or the deepening of the water-courses, the connection of the corn fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin by easy and sure transit with the Atlantic ports must for many years form the leading question of our internal politics, and can not fail to fix the attention of the majority of the people. In it will be swallowed up all the less important, because already determined, purposes that have governed political parties in the past. The next Congress will be called upon to discuss without faction and in no illiberal spirit the question of the day. Nor, we believe, will it be difficult to provide some ready means of satisfying the demands of the farmers, and of quieting that unusual agitation which has sprung up in the busy West. The farmers should unite upon some definite object; they should present their claims distinctly before the community; they should point out what to them seems the surest means of opening their resources to the Eastern consumer, and indicate what railway facilities they require, or what cheaper means of transit may be necessary to satisfy their wants. Thus far they have occupied themselves in pointing out the evil to be remedied rather than in determining the surest and most effective cure. Yet it is plain that if, as the census assures, corn that is worth ninety cents a bushel in Boston is burned for fuel in Minnesota, the waste of food must be at once prevented by the whole energy of the community.

We would suggest, at the same time, the warning to the farmers of the Northwest that they should avoid the entanglements of factions and the unwise counsels of insincere political leaders. The government and the people are anxious to satisfy all their wishes. Their interests are the interests of the whole nation. Their claims are allowed to be just; nor, we believe, will there be any opposition of importance to any scheme they may present that will serve to lessen the price of food and increase the profits of the farmer. A calm and practical discussion of the best means of opening new avenues of trade to the Northwest will serve to remove every difficulty, and there could be no more patriotic or humane occupation for our people than to give their chief attention for the future to the development of the boundless resources of the country, to cover the land with a well-digested scheme of railways, and to bind more closely together the East and the West. We believe, indeed, that the national government should lend its aid to the improvement of the public highways, and control them, and that a direct route by rail should be opened from New York to Minnesota as speedily as possible, capable of bringing to the sea-board the immense harvests of the new Territories, and cheapening the food of the whole nation. It seems an excess of absurdity that the public roads should be held by private speculators, or that the great avenues of national intercourse should be taken from the control of the people.

IRISH EDUCATION.

What a plain trait of the ridiculous was attached to Mr. Gladstone's Irish University bill grows more evident as the returns of Irish education are newly examined. Ireland already abounds in colleges and common schools. It has the Queen's Colleges, the Dublin University, Trinity, which is nearly free to all, and which can easily be made wholly non-sectarian, and various less noted seminaries. No Irishman who desires it need want an education. There is no part of the country in which the national schools have not to some extent penetrated. Yet of the population of Ireland, amounting to more than 5,000,000, a little greater than that of the State of New York, there are only 2,100,000 who can read and write. More than one-half of the people are wholly uninstructed, notwithstanding the profusion of colleges and schools, and the notion of tempting such a population to new efforts in learning by the creation of another university is scarcely less absurd than to offer them light or air where they want food and clothing. Of the opportunities of education they have more than enough; of the wish for it, singularly little.

Why is it that so large a part of the people of Ireland choose to remain wholly uninstructed, and that the various grades of education which have been so liberally supplied to them by the English government have been almost wholly neglected? England has done far better for the instruction of the Irish race than its own; yet the Irish population continues to be the store-house from which the ignorance of two worlds is supplied. The uncultivated Irish swarm into the English cities, supplying an extraordinary proportion of the crime and pauperism of Liverpool or London. It is from Ireland that the chief part of our own uneducated citizens come, and the chief part of our disorders. The cities of New York and Boston would be freed from nearly eighty per cent. of their crime if some method could be found to educate their Irish population. If educated, the Irish would not, perhaps, sink below any of their fellows; so long as they are left uninstructed, they must ever remain a menace to civilization.

Of the enormous mass of ignorance which the recent census depicts in gloomy colors on its educational maps, an alarming proportion is found in our Eastern States and cities. New York and Pennsylvania have several hundred thousand of the wholly uneducated over ten years of age, and New England is not much better off. In Germany, of 40,000,000 of people, only a few thousand of the helpless or imbecile are uninstructed; in the State and city of New York 200,000 persons, many of them active politicians, are wholly ignorant. And for this class of citizens we are chiefly indebted to Ireland. Its least instructed population seem to have been the first to emigrate. And that our republican institutions shake and quiver beneath the vast inroad of foreign ignorance and prejudice, who can wonder?

The ignorance of Ireland is chiefly due to the influence of the Romish priests. The national schools have been in existence since 1834, but their beneficial progress has been constantly impeded by the open hostility of Rome. The Protestant portion of the population are nearly all educated. The Roman Catholics have been driven from the public schools, and it has now become the most pressing duty of every Irish patriot to see that this state of things shall continue no longer, and that the people of his native land, so capable of vying with the German or the American in many of the higher traits of civilization, may be provided in both hemispheres with all the advantages arising from the possession of a careful education. The chief want of Ireland is a compulsory system of instruction. A law obliging all its children to attend the public schools would prove of more signal benefit to its depressed population than all the agitation of home rule or the selfish turbulence of its politicians. Had Mr. Gladstone and his liberal allies enforced this simple plan of national renovation, he would have won at last the gratitude of every Irishman, and not all the clamors of the Romish priests nor all the telegrams of the Vatican, we believe, would have prevented him from gaining a perfect triumph in the struggle to attain his aim. We trust that every intelligent Irishman in the Old or the New World will at once take up the cause of education, and never rest until all his countrymen are provided at least with the common elements of knowledge. In this way only can the ease and prosperity of his native land be provided for most effectually. Nor will it then be any longer said of the Irish portion of our people that they are ever the willing instruments of corrupt politicians and the chief danger of our free institutions. Cultivated, intelligent, orderly, they may at last form the firmest prop of that generous republic which has provided for them equality, independence, and a peaceful home. It would be well for our own new Board of Education to profit by the example of Ireland, and repel those influences which have been so fatal to public instruction in both hemispheres—to remove the public schools wholly from the control of corrupt politicians and selfish priests.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

In our columns devoted to religious intelligence may be found the striking incidents in the progress of the churches, prepared with care, and written with fresh details. Of all the powerful chords of popular feeling, the sacred impulses of religion have with us the most extensive rule—more vigorous than the political, more active even than the love of gain. We may safely boast that our country is the most sincerely religious of all modern nations, that the Bible is read by nearly all its people, that the school-house and the church are always found close together, and that, except in the wildest of the land districts, there is no portion of our country where the disciple of the Divine Master is not found reading the Sermon on the Mount, and teaching charity and purity to the rudest listener. We believe, or at the least we trust, that the tendency of the faith of our people is toward simplicity and useful deeds, the active rather than the speculative portions of our creed—that they prefer the plain and unassuming life of the most modest teacher of the Word to the grand ceremonial of the cathedral or the artificial eloquence of ambitious priests.

We are sometimes accused by foreign critics of forgetting the higher element of life in the lower, and of being a nation wholly devoted to the love of gain. There is no doubt a foundation for the charge. Nowhere is the wild chase of wealth more active or more desperate than with us. Nowhere are such vast fortunes won in a single lifetime, or such endless wrecks of fame, character, and hope exhibited in the fierce desire to be rich. The prisons teem with our ruined gamblers. The miseries of thousands are not seldom required to make up the opulence of one. Our palaces are often palaces of fraud, and the stain of irretrievable ignominy sometimes accompanies our most successful enterprises. Yet there is no nation that gives more freely or more rationally to the cause of religion or to the poor, that is more fruitful in missionary activity, that provides a larger portion of its population willing to teach the ignorant or help the barbarous, or that is more thoroughly penetrated with the ruling principle of religion—to lend aid to others. And slowly as men rise every where above the lower grades of animal life, we may yet hope that freedom gives religion fullest play, and that we may detect its influence in our widening schemes of education, charity, and reform.

There is, therefore, no nation more keenly alive than our own to the varying phases of religious thought, or the more practical results of religious movements. Whatever the great denominations intend; what the Vatican teaches to its kneeling followers; what rebellious Germany plans against the encroaching Pope; what gleams of Protestant progress break over Spain; what light there is in Italy; how China or Madagascar listens to the missionary, or Mexico opens its Inquisition to Protestant teachers; where the vast host of Baptists and Methodists are planting their chapels at the rate of two a day; how the cathedrals are deserted, and the meeting-house filled—the incidents of the whole religious world, indeed, have no such keen observers as our own public. In fact, the high questions of practical faith have already more than ever entered into the arena of politics. The destiny of Europe, and possibly of human progress, depends upon a latent intellectual struggle that is moving among the people. The miracles and the pilgrimages, the doctrines and the practices, of the Middle Ages are once more invoked to check the tide of rational faith, and the genius of the Reformation contends again with the clouds it once pierced, and the gigantic superstition it maimed and defied. The secular press is become careful to record the latest phases of the religious movements, and the divorce that seemed effected in the earlier portion of the present century and the close of the last between literature and theology is in our own day exchanged for a happy union of both.

Nor can literature ever fail to remain the handmaid of religion without losing much of its higher excellence. Milton, Addison, Johnson, Pope, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Dante, Tasso—even Goethe, Schiller—the historians and the philosophers, novelists, painters, sculptors, have won their most stirring themes from the wide store-house of religious speculation. The most powerful of human intellects, the most splendid of the creations of human fancy, have been those that have followed the light of inspiration, or borrowed a faint element of divine tenderness from the humanity of an inspired ideal. Nor can the humbler labor of the press approach that perfection to which it steadily aims until it gives to its readers a careful outline of the events of the religious world, of the progress of all philanthropic labors, and the purification of society. To make all men industrious, intelligent, moderate, sincere, is the common aim of letters and of religion.

VIENNA'S MISTAKE.

The opening of the Vienna Exhibition has been followed by a series of disappointments, and instead of the overflow of wealth and gayety that was to reign throughout the summer at the crowded city, all is financial ruin and discontent. Nothing, it is said, can be more complete than the immense building, the varied grounds, or the general preparation. The city is arrayed for the festival of labor; but unhappily the guests who were specially invited have not come. Kings and emperors have been there, ministers and commissioners, titled republicans and republicans who are too fond of foreign courts and fashions, a throng of princes, a crowd of their noble retainers, have passed through Vienna, but have left little money behind them, and the people for whom the show was chiefly prepared have been frightened away. It seems that the Viennese, startled from their repose of centuries by the idea of a World's Fair, have run into financial speculations that remind one of the South Sea Bubble, or a Wall Street "corner." They fancied that all nations were coming to the banks of the Danube, and that the wealth of the world would pour into Vienna. Companies were at once formed to provide lodgings for the guests. Extensive rows of houses had been built, hotels opened, speculations of all kinds encouraged. Every servant-woman eager for gain has invested her kreutzers in some building company, and every banker seems to have counted upon imaginary profits. The prices of rooms and living have been doubled or quadrupled, and extortion of every form has ruled in Vienna.

And the result has naturally followed that the first days of the Exhibition have been marked by a singular scene of bankruptcy and ruin. The emperors and kings who came had little money to spare; the hotels are empty, the rows of new houses unten-

anted. A sudden revulsion of despair has succeeded the excited dreams of the people. Hundreds of bankers or brokers failed in one day, carrying with them probably the hoards of a throng of the industrious; a few shrewd swindlers have no doubt profited from the general disaster, and the city is still plunged in mourning, if not left solitary. It would be easy to moralize upon the wild visions of the half-Oriental capital; but what city has not been almost equally self-deluded? Or how could we hope for prudence where the diamonds of Esterhazy and Andrassy are more prized than the rarest gems of Goethe or Shakspeare? Nor is it probable that the Exhibition has altogether failed. The people of Vienna are, it is said, awakened from their delusion by the cries of the bankrupt Bourse. They have begun to lower their prices, to practice economy, and abandon their frightful extortions; and it is quite possible that with the exercise of a moderate self-restraint they may tempt back the throngs of labor who would be glad to examine the splendid collection of their own productions, but who would scarcely venture into a den of Shylocks and extortioners.

We may easily infer, however, from the example of Vienna, and for the advantage of all future World's Fairs that may ever be projected, that the leading element in their success must be cheapness. The kings and princes of our time are too poor or too saving to maintain the pomp of royalty. The wealth of the world is diffused in many hands. It is the people alone who can support great shows and speculations. It would have been the part of wisdom for the Viennese to have run cheap railroad trains to their city, to have offered cheap lodging to all, to have reduced the price of living, and practiced a hospitality that would have made the millions feel at ease. In this way they might have drawn to Vienna a ceaseless tide of the intelligent and the curious, of active mechanics eager to test the results of foreign skill, of the inventive, the ingenious, and the learned. They might have invited with advantage fewer princes and more practical men. We fear that the progress of thought is still too slow upon the banks of the Danube. Yet we must remember that when Prague and Vienna were teeming with the reforms of Huss and Jerome, the rest of Germany was, in a degree, what Austria and Bohemia are now.

Whether World's Fairs can be made more serviceable than they have hitherto been to the advancement of skilled labor will depend, no doubt, upon the general education of the people. Whenever every mechanic is so instructed as to become a constant student of his art, and when the majority of the population have learned to value all the improvements of mechanical skill, we may well imagine that no spectacle would be more useful or more attractive than a "Great Exhibition." We suspect that not the smallest display of the most retired county fair is without its value; and in one instance we must admit that the Viennese have already outdone us. They have attached to their system of public schools a practical instruction in all the elements of mechanics. In several of their institutions every child is taught a trade, and the result of this early instruction must be a complete superiority in the mechanical arts.

FINANCIAL PROGRESS.

It is the happy fortune of the Administration and of the Republican party to have been able to fulfill most of the pledges they have made to the people. In none have they been more truthful than in their financial engagements. When President Grant entered upon his first term of office, and the real rule of peaceful republicanism began, corruption and extravagance prevailed in every department of the government. An immense debt, a heavy taxation, a general wastefulness, and a throng of untrustworthy officials had been the necessary legacy of the previous Administration, and it was to the financial reforms of the state that the Republican party gave its chief attention. It promised the people order, economy, and a wide reduction of taxation. In every particular it has fulfilled its pledge. Within four years the interest on the national debt has been reduced by $24,000,000, the whole amount of the debt by nearly $400,000,000. Instead of an annual interest of $124,000,000 on their indebtedness, the people are now called upon to pay only $100,000,000. And although the same ratio of decrease can not be looked for in the four succeeding years, yet it is possible that the whole national debt paying interest at the close of President Grant's second term will be not far from $1,500,000,000, and that the interest may be reduced to less than $80,000,000.

In connection with this gradual extinction of the national debt, the Republican party has steadily fulfilled its promise of reducing taxation to the lowest limit. A throng of weighty and annoying taxes have been swept away within the past four years. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been taken from the burdens of the people. The internal taxation is confined to a small number of articles; the import duties have been lowered year by year. But this has been done, it should be remembered, only through actual and unsparing economy. The army and navy expenses have been reduced to a lower limit, contrasted with the immense extent of the country and its interests, than has been known before. It has been the policy of the Republican party to provide only for the most pressing wants of peace. The salaries of all the government officials are singularly moderate, and happily suggestive of republican simplicity. Yet nothing but the unprecedented growth of the country under a rule of peace and order has enabled the Treasury to bear the rapid reduction of taxation, and to pay its debts while it diminished its resources. Here, indeed, we meet with a most gratifying proof of the discretion and foresight of our intelligent financiers. Notwithstanding the great reductions made by the last Congress in the sources of revenue, the estimates of the financial department of the receipts of the year from internal taxation will probably be exceeded by $10,000,000, and the flourishing condition of our foreign commerce promises a heavy return from imports. There will remain a considerable surplus at the end of the year.

We presume the same policy which has been heretofore suggested and sustained by the people, of reducing taxes and paying off the debt by a simultaneous process, can be steadily continued. General Spinner argues that the cheapest way of paying a debt is to pay it at once; that it is no wise plan to incur interest on a liability that might be discharged; and we believe the general feeling of the people is in favor of a constant reduction of the national debt. Our community of Republicans is thoroughly honest, whatever may be the failings of its less cultivated members. The national creditors were paid in the darkest period of the war with great regularity. No stain of repudiation rests upon our financial honor. And the people will never be satisfied until they have freed themselves from all the dangers of debt. It is plain that they approve highly the economy, foresight, and honesty which have marked the conduct of their financial agents since the first election of President Grant, and that in no department does the Republican Administration satisfy the whole nation more thoroughly than in its management of the finances.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. J. W. Brooke, recently vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, England, sends to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following "personal," which is likely to make some stir in clerical circles abroad: "A certain clergyman died in a certain diocese toward the end of the year 1871. This clergyman had appointed as his executors a brother, who is an admiral in the British navy, together with a friend of this brother, also an admiral of high standing. The executors on examining his papers found a parcel indorsed, 'Inviolably sacred: to be destroyed.' The parcel contained two documents—one a dispensation from the Pope, permitting the deceased to retain his position as an Episcopal clergyman, though actually a Catholic priest; the other a list of such of the clergy in his diocese, or near him, as are likewise possessed of dispensations."

—When General Sheridan was among the gore starters at Indianapolis a few days ago, speaking of the late raid into Mexico, he said, "The Rio Grande is such a crooked river, you know, that Mackenzie probably couldn't tell which side of it he was on." The merry twinkle of his eye showed that he did not disapprove Mackenzie's action.

—Edmund Yates, who writes to the New York *Herald* an account of the visit of the English princes to the Hungarian capital, says: "Of all the Queen's sons Prince Arthur is the steadiest and the most practical. Since he joined the army he has made the study of his profession the main business of his life. At the autumn manœuvres of 1871 and 1872 he took a subordinate but a laborious part, and acquitted himself well; and he has given one or two lectures on special military matters, which proved that he had devoted much time to the topic discussed."

—Lord Walter Campbell, who was for some time a clerk in one of our South Street shipping houses, has become a partner in the famous banking house of Coutts & Co., London, his father, the Duke of Argyle, having advanced the $2,500,000 required for that purpose.

—The biography of Lord Lytton is to be written, from correspondence, diaries, and personal knowledge, by his son, the present lord, better known as "Owen Meredith," who gave equal promise of success as a poet and diplomatist. He possesses every qualification for the task, and we may say, in Moore's words, that few would more tenderly

"Love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which had grown ampler, grander, every hour,
And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,
As did the Egyptian traveler, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathomed with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood."

The biography will be issued here by Harper & Brothers simultaneously with its appearance in England.

—Donald M'Kay, the head chief of the Warm Spring Indians, is held in the highest esteem and is implicitly obeyed by his tribe, who are a fine-looking body of men, many of them being six feet high, and some taller. M'Kay is thirty-seven years old, six feet tall, and weighs 211 pounds—a quiet, reserved man, and perfect specimen of a half-breed, and fully up to every trick and device. The Modocs are anxious to acquire his scalp. He is one of eleven children by Thomas M'Kay, an old Hudson Bay Company trader, and the most celebrated Indian fighter ever known on the Northern coast. There are other sons—George, an express rider in the service of the government, and Dr. William, a physician.

—The Boston *Post*, with a malignity characteristic of that sheet, remarks that Madame Lucca is no longer peerless, since she took a cottage on Narraganset Pier.

—Abbé Jallabert, a canon of St. Geneviève, Paris, has written a book with the singular title, *Le Catholicisme avant Jésus-Christ*, in which he tries to prove that the belief and traditions common to pagans, Jews, and Christians draw their origin from what he calls primitive revelation. According to him the same symbols are found in all nations; their worship is identical in all its essential parts; the traditions conveyed in the Sibylline verses, Hermes Trismegistus, and Zoroaster, include the general expectation of a redeemer, and show the fundamental unity of dogmatic and moral belief in Asia and Europe. No doubt M. l'Abbé Jallabert may be called an Old Catholic with a vengeance.

—The library—one of great intrinsic value—belonging to the late Henry Perkins, of the world-renowned firm of Barclay & Perkins, brewers, of London, is to be sold at auction. It is estimated to be worth $400,000.

—Not long since a gentleman from abroad, in alluding to the last Presidential campaign, said, "What a pity it was that Mr. Charles Francis Adams was not nominated in place of Mr. Greeley!" To which the American citizen replied, "Very true; but then with a great many people the great objection to Mr. Adams is that *he was not born an orphan!* and that he is too reserved and dignified to be slapped on the back and asked to 'take a drink,' and that is what most voters like to do." That was before we had our "reformed" city government. We have greater "local option" now. Perhaps it was unfortunate, however, that he was not born an orphan.

—Noticing the death of John Stuart Mill, the London *Times* reproduces Tom Moore's celebrated epigram on the two Mills in his *Ode to the Goddess Ceres*. It was written in sarcasm on the Malthusian theory put forth by Mr. Mill, Jun.:

"There are two Mr. Mills, too, whom those who like reading
What's vastly unreadable call very clever;
And whereas Mill senior makes war on *good* breeding,
Mill junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever."

—When Captain Hall was in Cincinnati in 1859 he was dreaming of arctic expeditions, and, wishing to test his power of enduring cold, camped out on a high hill in midwinter. The people in the vicinity thought him crazy, and one timorous individual sent a bullet through his tent one night to frighten him away—and it did.

—Nothing is more difficult to predict than who will be elected to succeed Pius IX., though gentlemen of the Roman Catholic faith who are understood to be as fully posted on the subject as it is possible for laymen to be incline to the opinion that it will be Cardinal Panebianco.

—Earl Derby is said to be willing to join in any mark of respect for John Stuart Mill which does not indorse his political opinions. Something to the same effect is attributed to a gentleman in Maine, who said he was "in favor of the Maine liquor law, but against its enforcement." He did not wish to commit himself beyond that.

—Chief Justice Cockburn proposes, it is said, to answer the very able book of Mr. Caleb Cushing. Probably Mr. Cushing expects it. The Chief Justice is a man of conceded force, but it may be doubted whether in a controversy of this sort he carries guns enough to demolish his antagonist. Mr. Cushing has for over a quarter of a century done much of the best diplomatic work of the government, no matter who has been in office, and has always done it effectively.

—Professor Agassiz has found another timely and valuable friend in Mr. Charles W. Galloupe, who has given a twenty-thousand-dollar yacht to the professor for use around and about Penikese Island, where his new scientific school is located.

—The bountiful men keep coming to the front. Pennsylvania brings forward Mr. George B. Markle, of Hazleton, who gives $30,000 toward the endowment of the chair of mining engineering in Lafayette College, Easton. The new building for the scientific department of the college, erected by Mr. Ario Pardee at a cost of $250,000, will be completed in September. This will be one of the largest and most thoroughly furnished buildings in this country for students in civil and mining engineering, applied chemistry, and the metallurgical processes.

—According to Mr. Carlyle, the supreme scoundrel, alike with the supreme hero, is very far from being known. The former rolls softly through the world, and lives a prosperous gentleman. "Not the supreme scoundrel have our laws aimed at; but, in an uncertain, fitful manner, at the inferior or lowest scoundrel, who robs shop tills and puts the skin of mankind in danger."

—Mr. Henri Van Laun, the translator of Taine's *History of English Literature*, is preparing a new translation of Molière's works, and will quote in it all the passages which English playwrights have stolen from the French comedian, as well as those which Molière himself stole from other writers—for instance, those in *L'Avare* from the *Aulularia*. The work will be illustrated with original etchings, and with copies of the prints of his characters that were produced in Molière's lifetime.

—John Neal, now eighty years of age, writes book notices for the Portland *Press*. In 1817 he wrote a novel entitled *Keep Cool*, of which he said, some years later, "Much to the credit of my country, *Keep Cool* is forgotten, or, where it is known at all, it is looked upon as a disgrace to her literature—perhaps to myself. I am glad of it."

—Alfred Tennyson has dropped out of poetry to say that "For myself, I hope I may live to see England and her colonies absolutely one, with as complete a reciprocity of the free gifts of God as there is between one county and another in the mother country. I would not wish any thing better for my sons, nor would they for themselves, than that they should devote their lives toward helping to effect this 'seamless union.'"

—The Rev. Mr. M'Dowall, a Scotch Presbyterian, said lately in a temperance meeting at Edinburgh that in a recent journey of 5000 miles in the United States he saw only two persons drunk, and one of them looked very much like a Scotchman.

—The Japanese Tycoon, being in want of a few trowsers, has sent an official letter to Mr. Mori, his embassador at Washington, to have made and sent to him a hundred pairs of that useful and agreeable article of drapery, his Majesty expressly dictating that they shall be of the high pocket and spring bottom pattern.

—At the recent annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, Mr. Gladstone presiding, the Bishop of Derry proposed "The Literature of the United States," which was warmly received, and responded to by Mr. J. Lothrop Motley. He laid great stress upon the international bond between England and the United States, and said he regarded the literary men of both countries as fellow-citizens of the great English-speaking republic.

—Mr. Gladstone, according to a statement made by the London correspondent of the *Scotsman*, is in such a state of health as to create in the House of Commons a good deal of anxiety. He is looking miserably ill, is in want of rest, but will take none. He will do all the work himself, instead of leaving that which is not essential to be done by subordinates. He sits in the House longer and attends to every thing more slavishly than any other member of the government. He does not heed remonstrances—hence the general fear that he will ere long break down.

—Major-General Lew Wallace has written a novel, founded on the conquest of Mexico by Cortéz, which a competent critic who has read the manuscript pronounces "as hardly surpassed in historical fiction," and in every respect fresh and fascinating. He is the first of our warriors who has "dropped into fiction."

—Recorder Hackett tells us that the following verse was found in MS. in the pocket of a young thief:

"A cross cove waits in the streets for me,
And I'm a poor girl of a low degree:
If I were rich, as I am poor,
My love shouldn't prig in the streets no more."

—The recent execution of several malefactors suggests a reproduction of the following curious document, copied from the early court records of York County, Maine: "Jeremiah Moulton, esq., high sheriff for sd county, presented his acct, amounting in ye whole to ye sum of 5 pounds 2 shillings, for executing Joseph Quason, as per 2d acct. on file, which was read and accepted, and ordered that ye sum of 5 pounds 2 shillings be paid out of ye county Treasury to ye said Jeremiah Moulton in full discharge thereof."

—Earl Russell, now in his eighty-first year, is the oldest living statesman in Europe. He entered Parliament just sixty years ago, and since then has been uninterruptedly in public life. He keeps up his literary labors as one of the most agreeable of all his occupations—as do Gladstone and Disraeli.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Captain Jack has been captured by our soldiers, and placed in irons. General Davis had made preparation for the hanging of the leader and the more murderously inclined of his warriors, but the execution has been delayed until the Attorney-General's opinion could be heard, which is that they be treated in accordance with the usages of war. They will accordingly be tried by a military commission. Governor Grover, of Oregon, asks that the Indians indicted for murder in the Circuit Court, Jackson County, and who are not amenable to military execution, be delivered to the civil authorities.

Colonel M'Kenzie's raid over the border after the cattle-stealing Kickapoos resulted in the death of twenty-eight of them and the capture of forty-two women and children.

The public debt was further decreased by $3,525,282 during May.

The castaways of the arctic steamer *Polaris* reached the Washington Navy-yard on the 5th instant.

Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, has accepted an appointment as our minister to Russia, and ex-Congressman Bingham succeeds Mr. De Long as minister to Japan.

President Grant and family reached Long Branch on the 6th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Constituent Cortes, June 8, proclaimed Spain a federal republic by a vote of 210 to 2. The new ministry will probably be as follows: President of the Council, without portfolio, Señor Pi y Margall; Minister of the Interior, Señor Palanca; Minister of State, Señor Waisounave; Minister of Justice, Señor J. Predical; Minister of War, Señor Estevanz; Minister of Colonies, Señor Sorni; Minister of Finances, Señor Tutan; and Minister of Marine, Señor Oreiro. Señor Orense has been chosen President of the Cortes.

The German government has expressed its displeasure at the last address by the French President, M'Mahon. The Emperor William is reported to be seriously ill.

The Duke de Broglie holds that the trouble between M. Thiers and the Assembly was not because of his foreign, but his domestic policy, which was not deemed a sufficient guarantee against revolution.

It is reported that the imperial Chinese forces, having conquered the city of Taleefoo, in Yun-nan province, Southwestern China, massacred 30,000 of the inhabitants. The Sultan poisoned himself rather than be taken by them.

The steamer *Drummond Castle* has been wrecked on a voyage from Hankow to London, but no lives were lost.

Religious-toleration has not been decreed in Japan. Christians banished have, however, been recalled, and offensive proclamations have been withdrawn.

The Canadian-built missionary ship *Day-Spring* has been wrecked in the New Hebrides.

A Dutch man-of-war off the northern coast of Sumatra fired into three British merchant vessels recently as they were leaving the harbor of Achen.

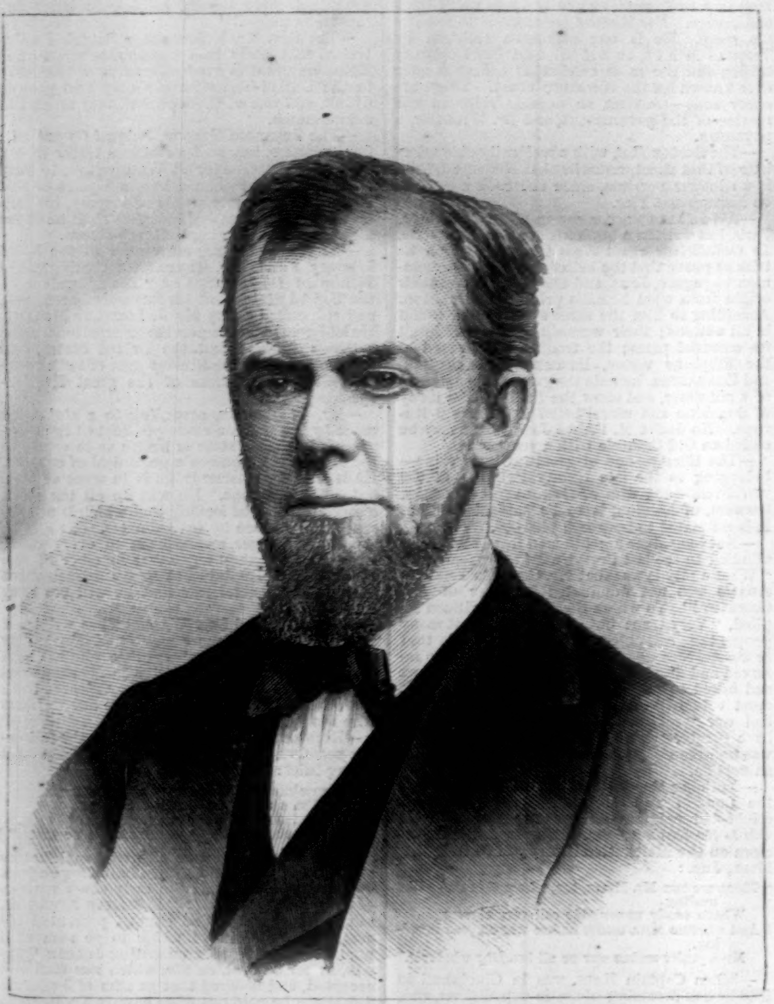
The heads of many religious orders in Italy have appealed "to the Pope, the law of nations, and to God" in a protest against the bill for the suppression of religious corporations.

The American department of the Vienna Exposition was opened on the 5th inst.

The magistrates of Belfast, Ireland, have prohibited all processions on the 1st and 12th of July.

Signor Urbano Rattazzi, the Italian statesman, died on the 4th inst. at Frosinone.

Another Cuban battle is reported in the district of Manzanillo, in which the insurgents are said to have lost 150 men, and the Spaniards twenty killed and sixty-eight wounded.



THE REV. DR. JOHN FLETCHER HURST.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

THE LATE MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

THE REV. DR. HURST.

THE Rev. JOHN FLETCHER HURST, D.D., who was elected on the 14th of May to the presidency of Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, to succeed Bishop FOSTER, is yet a young man, having not quite attained thirty-nine years of age. He is a native of Dorchester County, Eastern Shore of Maryland, and was graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1854. After teaching a while at Charlotteville, New York, he went to Germany, and studied theology at Halle. On his return to this country he was admitted to the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was stationed successively at Irvington, Passaic, Elizabethport, Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Trinity, Staten Island. In 1866 he was appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr. W. F. WARREN in the charge of the Methodist Biblical In-

"HARD TIMES"—MORTGAGING THE OLD HOMESTEAD.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY, FROM A SKETCH BY C. M. COOLIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

stitute at Bremen, Germany. While principal of this institution it was removed to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Through the beneficence of Mr. J. T. Martin, of Brooklyn, the trustees were able to purchase an eligible location, and to erect suitable buildings for its accommodation. Mr. Hurst received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his alma mater in 1866. He remained in charge of the Martin Mission Institute until 1871, when, on his election to the chair of historical theology at Madison, made vacant by the death of the late Dr. Nadal, he returned to America. Two years only have elapsed, and he has been unanimously elected to the presidency. Dr. Hurst is an able preacher, but is more widely known as an author. His work on Rationalism, his translations of Hagenbach's History of the Church of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, Van Oosterzee's Gospel of John, Lange on Romans, and other minor books, have given him a reputation worthy of an older man. With deep piety and rare culture he unites administrative skill and great personal magnetism.

YACHTING.

YACHTING.

Since the famous yacht *America* crossed the Atlantic and astonished our British cousins by her splendid sailing qualities, yachting has become one of the most favorite summer amusements with our countrymen, a predilection shared in an equal degree by our countrywomen. Improvement in this branch of naval architecture has kept pace with the growth of the taste for amateur seafaring, and we doubt if any other port in the world can show a finer fleet of private yachts than can be seen any fair day in summer afloat on the waters of our magnificent bay. For speed, elegance of model, equipment, and accommodations, our yachts may safely challenge those of the world. With few exceptions, the English and French yachts suffer greatly by the comparison. Our friends across the water may be unwilling to admit this, but we can't expect them to see their own short-comings as clearly as we do, or even to acknowledge them when pointed out in the modest and unassuming manner peculiar to Americans.

Nothing in the world can be imagined more delightful than a sail in a swift and well-appointed yacht when the wind is fresh enough to give an exhilarating speed without roughening the water to an extent to produce that most wretched of all miseries, seasickness. How easy the motion of the graceful craft! how delicious the sensation of being borne along by the wind! At such moments one can sympathize with Ruskin's fierce denunciations of steam-power, with its noisy accessories, the disagreeable jar imparted by the machinery, the smell from the engine-room, the smoke, and the cinders. But even yachting has its disagreeable side. The fairest wind may suddenly drop to a dead calm, and leave the unfortunate voyagers drifting out to sea with an ad-

verse tide, when it would be much pleasanter to be making port. It is not always easy to be jolly under such circumstances, and the best and most amiable tempers sometimes get ruffled in a calm. Then it is that one is willing to admit the superiority of steam to wind, and even to submit to the ignominy of being towed back to port by some puffing commonplace tug-boat. It may be humiliating, but it is better than lying out in the calm all night.

"HARD TIMES."

IT is evidently not the fault of the young husband and wife, in the touching picture on page 524, that the dear old homestead has to be mortgaged. The times have been hard, crops have failed, the live stock has been diminished by disease, and now, in order to save the home of his childhood, endeared to his heart by a thousand tender associations, from being sold to pay his debts, the young farmer is obliged to lay upon it the burden of a heavy mortgage, which he may never be able to lift. But though he seems to be overwhelmed for the present with grief and disappointment, he will undoubtedly pluck up courage, and set vigorously to work to redeem his fortunes. It is not the nature of a genuine American to surrender to misfortune without a hard struggle. With an elasticity of heart which seems to be peculiar to our countrymen, he takes courage from adversity, and makes failures the stepping-stones to success.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

No words can give even a faint idea of the wonderful, strange, and magnificent scenery of the Yosemite Valley. Matter-of-fact people may be satisfied with the statement that it is eight miles long and two wide, that the floor is a level meadow, fringed with pine-trees, and that the walls consist of perpendicular granite rocks three-quarters of a mile high. Yet a simple inspection of our engraving will probably give a more correct idea of the stupendous scale on which Nature has constructed one of her most lovely scenes. The Great Yosemite, or large Grizzly Bear Fall, of which we give a view on our first page, is 2634 feet high, or upward of half a mile. It is divided by ledges of the mountain into three separate falls. The first is 1600 feet high, the second 600, and the third 434. The falls are seen in their greatest perfection in the month of June. The largest of the numerous water-falls in the Yosemite Valley in its roar almost equals the thunder of Niagara; and when an unusually large amount of snow has fallen in the mountains during the preceding winter, the falls, when the snow melts, assume unusually large proportions, resembling, it is said, "a river set upright."

There are several other fine falls in the valley, and one called the Loya, is 3000 feet high. The mountains which inclose the valley vary from 2000 to 6000 feet in height. They have received most romantic names. One is called Tu-lock-a-mu-la, or the Great Chief; another, Tis-sa-ack, the Goddess of the Valley; and a third, To-coy-æ, the Shade to the Indian Baby-basket. The Yosemite Valley is State property, and will be treated as a public park. It is annually visited by many thousands of tourists from all parts of the world, and when it shall be made more accessible by the construction of a railway to the entrance, it will probably become as popular as Switzerland.

THE WALWORTH TRAGEDY.

RARELY has a crime so shocked the moral sense of the community as the killing of MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH by his own son. The deliberation with which the deed seems to have been planned and consummated, the youth of the parricide, and the cool nonchalance of his demeanor after the terrible tragedy, created a profound sensation. The story of the crime is briefly this:

About twenty years ago MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH, son of the late Chancellor WALWORTH, married Miss HARDIN, daughter of General HARDIN and Chancellor WALWORTH's second wife. For a time they lived happily; but WALWORTH possessed an unhappy disposition, which was aggravated by excesses. While under the influence of liquor he even went so far as to abuse his wife and children. After years of unhappiness, the details of which it is unnecessary to repeat, Mrs. WALWORTH obtained a divorce from him, and, aided by a number of friends, opened a school for young ladies in the old WALWORTH mansion, near Saratoga. She received the sympathy and support of her own relatives and those of her husband, and of all who were conversant with the story of her life.

From the time of the separation Mrs. WALWORTH experienced many annoyances at his hands. He wrote her abusive letters, and it is said even threatened her life, as well as that of their son. Some of these letters fell recently into the hands of the son, FRANK H. WALWORTH, a youth of nineteen, who was living with his mother and studying for the bar. He remonstrated with his father, and endeavored to induce him to desist from this unworthy persecution. Finding this of no avail, he came to this city on Monday, the 2d of June, for the purpose of seeing his father and coming to some final understanding with him in reference to his conduct. He called at his father's residence during the evening, and not finding him at home, left a note requesting him to call at the Sturtevant House.

Mr. WALWORTH called there at an early hour the next morning, and was shown to his son's room. By the latter's statement it appears that a heated conversation ensued, in the course of which the son stated that his father made a threatening movement, as if to draw a weapon. Believing he was about to carry out his former threat of killing him, young WALWORTH drew his own revolver and fired four shots at his father, all of which took effect, causing his instant death.

Alarmed by the shots, several persons ran to the room, and saw Mr. WALWORTH lying dead on the floor. Before they could recover from their horror and astonishment the young man passed down stairs, informed the clerk of what he had done, telegraphed the fact to an uncle in Chicago, inquired the way to the nearest police station, and proceeding there, gave himself into custody.

Mr. WALWORTH, of whom we give a portrait on page 524, was well known as an author of light sensational literature. In one of his novels he had made himself the hero, and set forth his domestic infelicities in the story in a manner to cast disparagement upon his wife.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE Brahmos, or reformed Hindoos, still hesitate to break through the Oriental custom which enforces the seclusion of women. At a gathering in the house of KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, Calcutta, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the Native Ladies' Normal School by the Viceroy of India, the native ladies who were present kept withdrawn from observation. On this hesitation of Hindoo ladies to escape from their bondage the Lucknow *Witness* says: "We have had a little experience with parties who honestly wished to give up this Oriental usage, and we have been surprised exceedingly to discover how many social difficulties stand in the way of the bravest opponents of the system. For many years to come a large measure of forbearance will be due to those native ladies who have been brought up in the seclusion of the *pardah* system. Meanwhile we should be glad to hear that fifty or a hundred native ladies in Calcutta had together bravely broken through this prison-house of their sex, and thus set an example which would be felt throughout India. Such a step should be taken prudently, but it should be done courageously and irrevocably. It will cost no little sacrifice of feeling on the part of both the ladies and their friends, but the next generation will applaud the step, and the time will come when all the women of India will feel grateful for it."

Nothing better shows the influence of Christian civilization upon India than this anxiety of Hindoo women to secure recognition as rational and social beings.

It is reported by ocean cable that the Italian Parliament has passed the act abolishing religious corporations in Rome. Should the report prove to be correct, the event will be the consummation of a sweeping reform. One of the earlier measures decided upon by CAVOUR was the suppression of monastic establishments, and the confiscation of their estates. In 1855 RATAZZI brought into Parliament a bill for the suppression of 250 "conventual establishments," and the appropriation of their revenues to the poor clergy and public education. Under the ministry of RICASOLI still more was attempted. In 1866 2400 conventual establishments, containing 14,000 monks and nearly as many nuns, were suppressed. Some of the monks and nuns were allowed to remain in their houses, others were pensioned, and the surplus moneys were given to the education of the people. With the possession of Rome the same policy became inevitable, but until now the government has hesitated to apply it to the religious corporations of the city. It was proposed to exempt a certain number of the religious houses of the city from the operation of the law of 1866; the compromise has proved to be acceptable neither to the clergy nor to the Roman people. In what precise shape the bill was passed we must wait further advices to ascertain.

The General Conference of the United Brethren in Christ assembled in the city of Dayton, Ohio, on May 15. The four bishops, GLOSSBRENNER, EDWARDS, WEAVER, and DICKSON, were in attendance. The number of delegates present was 119. The statistics show an increase of 17,347 members in four years, making a total membership of 125,658. The number of churches owned by the Brethren is 1657, an increase of 257 in four years. The total amount expended on home missions in the last quadrennium is $252,256; for missions of all kinds, $360,770. Since the organization of the mission board nearly $1,000,000 have been expended on missions. This Church owns a "Book Concern" similar to that of the Methodists; its capital and real estate are valued at $124,308; its receipts for four years amount to $322,370, making a net profit of $34,732. An organ, the *Religious Telescope*, is published, which has attained a circulation of 10,680. The Board of Education reported that $25,000 had been collected for the founding of a theological seminary, to be under the care of the General Conference, and that the seminary had been opened. The subject of lay delegation was reported upon by a committee previously appointed, and, by a vote of ninety yeas to twelve nays, submitted to the decision of the whole Church. The Conference resolved to adhere to its opposition to secret societies. The United Brethren are in many of their usages similar to the Methodists, but they refuse to be classed as an offshoot of Methodism.

The Southern Presbyterians contemplate a great university, "which shall be inferior in no respect to the best universities in America or Europe." A conference on the subject was held in Memphis May 9.

The *Baptist Weekly* claims that the Southern Baptist Convention which met at Mobile, May 8, represented more than one-half of the Baptists of the world. It says: "The Northern States contain a population of twenty-five millions, of whom four hundred and seventy thousand are Baptists. The Southern States, with about thirteen millions, have one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand Baptists. There are 8000 churches for the whites, 6000 ministers, and 800,000 (white) communicants."

The American Baptist Missionary Union, whose assembling at Albany has already been noticed, reported the receipts from all sources during the year ending April 1, 1873, to be $216,100, expenditures $239,417, and the debt $42,069. The estimates for the current year are $280,000. Representatives from the Southern Baptist Missionary Board were introduced, who requested the appointment of a committee to attend the convention at Richmond on the 29th of May. Rev. JOHN HOWE, of England, appeared as the representative of the close-communion Baptists of Great Britain. He stated that the close communionists of England are in a decided minority, and that all the colleges of the denomination, with the exception of one, are under the direction of open communionists.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society, at its anniversary, held in Albany, reported receipts on account of the general fund, $116,333; on account of freedmen's fund, $57,500; on account of church edifice fund, $57,348. The total expenditure was $245,754. Aid has been given in the erection of ninety churches.

The (Dutch) Reformed Church is fortunate. It has received overtures of union from the Southern Presbyterian Assembly, and is in equal favor with the Northern Presbyterian Assembly, which recently adjourned. Committees from both Assemblies will no doubt appear before the Reformed Synod, which met in New Brunswick, New Jersey, June 4.

Mr. MIALL appears to be in no way discouraged by the recent defeat in Parliament of his motion for disestablishment. In a letter to the London *Times* he claims that the division was forced unexpectedly. As it was, there were seventy-seven votes in favor, including pairs. It is estimated that if the Church of England were disestablished on the same plan as that adopted in the case of the Irish Church, "something like £90,000,000 would have to be handed over to ministers, members, and patrons of the Church of England." This principal would yield an annual income of three millions sterling. On the other hand, it is claimed that the revenues of the Church, which in the event of disestablishment would become national property, amount to seven millions sterling yearly. Disestablishment even on this plan would be the reverse of costly to the nation.

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Churches of North America began its annual session in Philadelphia May 28. The Rev. J. T. SCOULLER, of Ohio, was elected Moderator. The Board of Church Extension reported the receipt of $25,364 for the year, an increase of $3435. Grants to the amount of $37,503 have been made to aid the building of churches. The loan fund has received during the year $11,502, which sum raises it to a total of $21,401. The Board of Foreign Missions reported their receipts for the year ending April 30, 1873, to have been $50,640; the expenditures amounted to $55,164. The fields occupied by this board are Syria, India, Egypt, and China. The Publication Board reported their net assets to be $89,084, an increase of $10,901 on 1872. The report of the Board of Home Missions shows $32,742 received for the year, and $28,688 expended. The Committee on Education stated that they had aided twenty-six young men in preparing for the ministry. The Committee on Finance reported the total receipts of the boards of the Church during the year, including the balance on hand May 1, 1872, at $182,928 79; payments during the year, $161,888 07; balance May 1, 1872, $21,040 72. The statistics show that there are 8 synods, 56 presbyteries, 591 ministers, 73,452 members, that the total cost of houses of worship has been $133,050, and that the total of contributions of all kinds during the year is $872,078. Doctor EADIE and Professor CALDERWOOD, delegates from the United Presbyterians of Scotland, attended the assembly and delivered addresses.

The Rev. STANLEY LEATHES has been elected Bampton lecturer for 1874.

The question of "confession" has been debated in the Irish Synod (disestablished Church of Ireland). On a motion to revise the "ordinal," the laymen voted for revision by a majority of three to one; the clergy voted against revision. It was the wish of the laity to have the form, "Receive the Holy Ghost," altered to a prayer for the reception of the Spirit. The laymen in the Synod are more prepared for radical changes than their clerical co-delegates.

The following is the form of the declaration finally adopted by the English Convocation with regard to the meaning of the Athanasian creed:

"1. That the Confession of our Christian faith commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius doth not make any addition to the faith contained in Holy Scripture, but warneth against errors which from time to time have arisen in the Church of Christ.

"2. That Holy Scripture in divers places doth promise life to them that believe, and declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Catholic faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same, so doth the Church in this Confession declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Christian faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same.

"Wherefore the warnings in this Confession of Faith are to be understood no otherwise than the like warnings in Holy Scripture, for we must receive God's threatenings even as His promises, in such wise as they are generally set forth in Holy Writ.

"Moreover the Church doth not herein pronounce judgment upon particular persons, God alone being the Judge of all."

In the Protestant Episcopal Convention of Ohio a committee has been appointed to mature a plan for the division of the diocese. In New Jersey the seven northern counties of the State have been set off as a new diocese, which will probably be named the Newark.

The London Missionary Society held its anniversary in Exeter Hall May 15. The total income of the year was reported to be £115,070. The secretary, Dr. MULLENS, announced also that £5800 had been contributed as a testimonial to Dr. MOFFAT, and as a provision for his old age. During the year six new missionaries had been sent to Madagascar, and three more are expected soon to follow. Repeated allusion was made by the speakers to the great success of Christian missions in Madagascar, and also to the collision between the agents of the Church Missionary Society and those of the Propagation Society. Mr. SPURGEON and others addressed the meeting.

At their Assembly in Cologne on June 4 the Old Catholics elected Professor REINKENS, of the University of Munich, bishop.

The Diocesan Synod of Edinburgh (Scotch Episcopal Church) was held this year on the 8th and 9th of May. The occasion, it is said, was one of interest, "the laity for the first time receiving through their representatives a distinct and definite recognition as constituent members of the Church, and being admitted to an active share in the labors of the Synod." The change, it is stated, worked well.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which recently met in Baltimore, and the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterians, which met at Huntsville, Alabama, have both appointed committees to confer upon a union of the two bodies.

The fiftieth annual meeting of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of the United States was held in Pittsburg, beginning May 21, and ending May 27. Rev. S. YOUNG was elected Moderator. The treasurer reported the receipts for domestic missions during the past year to have been $1337; expenditures, $1337; for foreign missions the receipts were $1526; expenditures, $88. For the endowment of a theological seminary $30,538 have been received. It was announced that the trustees of the seminary were about to purchase a building for its use in the city of Philadelphia. The next meeting of the Synod will be held in Cedarville, Ohio, May, 1874.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHERE shall we go? is the anxious question which arises at the coming of the first hot summer day. It does not signify that we have been fretting at the long, cold spring, and wondering if we were never going to have any warm weather: when at length it falls upon us we are ready to fly from it. "Where shall we go?" From every quarter there is heard a grand chorus answering, "Come here!" From the East and from the West, from lake and mountain, from sea-shore quiet and sea-shore fashionable, from country farm-houses, from healing springs, from far-famed cataracts and forests, there resounds the same united call. There are the old standard resorts—Niagara, Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, White Mountains, etc., where every body is supposed to go. There are quieter places: shall we risk making them *un*quiet by mentioning them? In general every person who intends going out of town during the summer is well aware of some restful spot, not fashionable enough to be frequented by the multitude, where he may bathe unmolested in the sparkling surf, or lie peacefully on the green grass through dreamy hours, or row over peaceful waters, or drop his line to waiting trout, or accomplish some equally pleasant nothing in various ways. An unwise majority are induced to substitute expense and fashion for a restful, recreative change. It is a pity that, amidst the hurrying rush of business life in our large American cities, so few men—and we may also say that the same is true of many women—arrange their affairs so as to take regular daily rest and recreation. They crowd the rest and recruitment of the year into a few hot summer weeks, and then wonder that so much of the time they are weary, sleepless, worn out. Those who work regularly and steadily need rest, like food—a moderate amount from day to day. A reform in this respect would be productive of untold benefit. Meanwhile—any reform being a slow process—a genuine step toward it will be to select such a place, or such means, for the annual summer recreation as will best accomplish the true purpose of vacations—renewal of mental and bodily health and strength.

During the six weeks from April 6 to May 18 seventy-four cases of sporadic cholera occurred in New Orleans. It is stated that local filth was the chief cause of the disease. The hot summer sun may make a pestilence out of garbage heaps in a very short time. An old adage might well be remembered about this time, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Galignani's Messenger mentions a very remarkable case of resuscitation which has recently been effected at the hospital of the Val-de-Grace. A man having hanged himself was pronounced dead by medical men. The clinical lecturer, however, desired to try one last experiment, and he opened the chest, and attempted artificial respiration, but without success. He then applied the pole of an electrical battery to the pneumo-gastric nerves, and passed a strong current at intervals of four seconds. Soon after some signs of respiration appeared, and in five minutes the cardiac pulsation was perceptible. The patient was bled, some spirit administered, and gradually some slight muscular contractions became visible without the aid of electricity; warmth returned to the feet, the pulsation in the carotid arteries recommenced, and he was saved.

Wilkie Collins's works are dramatic in their very conception. In *The New Magdalen* this is a marked feature. "The First Scene, the Cottage on the Frontier," begins thus: "The place is France. The time is autumn in the year 1870—the year of the war between France and Germany. The persons are," etc. The very titles of the chapters are full of the dramatic element; for example: "The Man appears," "The Council of Three," "Enter Julian," "The Search in the Grounds," "The Policeman in plain Clothes," "Lady Janet at Bay." It is this peculiarity that has caused *The New Magdalen* to be so extensively dramatized.

The Boston Public Library has just come into possession of a portion of the Barton collection of books, among which are 2000 volumes of Shakspeare and works relating to him.

Within the first ten days of the production of the postal cards, orders were received to the amount of 17,671,500, or more than one-tenth as many as the present facilities of the Morgan Envelope Company could supply, working, as they are now worked, twenty hours out of the twenty-four, for a year.

The foreign fruit trade of the United States is a large and constantly increasing business. New York now has about three-fourths of the entire import business. In this city there are annually received at least

1,500,000 boxes of raisins, 50,000 boxes of currants, from six to eight thousand tons of Turkish prunes, a million and a half boxes of oranges and lemons, 40,000 bags of Brazil-nuts, and millions of pounds of almonds. These are only a few of the details, and the imports are annually increasing. In the transportation of fruit none but the fastest vessels are engaged, and latterly steamers have been to a great extent substituted for even the swiftest sailing craft.

We feel it a duty to inform our readers that there is a favored spot in the interior of California, a desert about 120 miles from San Diego, where catarrh is banished in twenty-four hours, where the atmosphere is so dry that a pail of water will evaporate in one day, where there are no dews, and people do not die, but only dry up. Here live, according to report, a camp of Indians many of whom are from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty years old! We regret that the sources of our information do not furnish the name of this wonderful place.

It is a pitiful fact that nearly one hundred thousand children are now employed in shops and manufactories of this city, many of them growing up with little education, and weakened in body and mind by the excessive labor imposed upon their tender years.

Some portion of the community remonstrate against the long trailing skirts worn by certain ladies in the street. The dragging drapery suggests unpleasant and unwholesome reflections, they say. Of whatever rights women may be most unjustly deprived, they undoubtedly are entitled to the liberty of wearing their clothes, or any portion of them, on the ground, provided this does not interfere with the rights of others. In fact, we are not sure that we should not be grateful to the wearers of trailing skirts, for some of our streets seem never to receive any other sweeping. Nevertheless, we trust that none of our personal relatives and friends feminine will insist on exercising their rights in this respect until some preliminary measures of street-cleaning are put into execution, and the top of the dirt removed by more appropriate apparatus.

During the summer season there will be a series of excursions for poor children of this city—as many as the funds accumulated for the purpose will admit. The same general plan so successfully pursued last year will be continued; and the details of the excursions, as well as the system of relief for the sick, will remain in the hands of the attachés of the New York *Times*. This pleasant charity appeals to all.

The total cost of the Bethesda Fountain was about $63,000, $8000 in gold having been paid to Miss Stebbins for design and models. The angel, the upper basin, and the group of figures representing Health, Temperance, Purity, and Peace, constitute the work of the sculptress. These bronzes were cast at Munich, and arrived in this country in July, 1871.

It must be a matter of interest to many in the community that the "new liquor law" of this State will tend to suppress intemperance, pauperism, and crime by somewhat different measures from those hitherto pursued. The substance of the first section of this act, divested of technical law terms, is that every person who shall be injured in person or property or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication of any person, shall have a right of action against any person who shall, by selling or giving away intoxicating liquors, cause the intoxication in whole or part. Any person owning or renting or permitting the occupation of any premises, having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, shall be liable, with the person selling or giving away intoxicating liquors, for all damages sustained; and the unlawful sale or giving away of intoxicating liquors shall work a forfeiture of all rights of the lessee or tenant under any lease or contract of rent upon the premises.

The grape-growing districts of the Rhine and the Moselle have been seriously injured by the severe frosts which occurred the latter part of April. It is predicted that the wine crop of 1873 in that vicinity will be a total failure.

A railroad route across Central Asia is proposed by M. De Lesseps, to complete the line from Calais, France, to Calcutta. There is now a distance of about 2400 miles (from Orenburg, at the foot of the Ural Mountains, to Peshawur, on the Indus) through which the railroad must be built in order to make a through route. The enterprise is one involving great expense, but Russia is inclined to look favorably upon it.

Dio Lewis advocates sunlight. He has been trying experiments. He attempted to make plants grow in a parlor, not very dark to be sure, but kept in the dim, twilight condition considered fashionable. The plants looked sick in four days, then they turned yellow, and finally died. He reasons that girls kept in dim, unsunny rooms will grow pale, yellow, and sickly also—if they do not die.

Ninety thousand factories of various kinds in Russia employ about a million of operatives. The mortality among this class is enormous, the average duration of life being only twenty years, while fifty-seven per cent. of the children die before they are five years of age. The Russian government is now attempting to improve the condition of these wretched work-people by attending to the sanitary arrangements of the factories, regulating hours of labor, and prohibiting the employment of very young children.

An African newspaper, just started in Liberia, is supplied to subscribers on the unique terms of "one bushel of unhulled coffee per annum, in advance."

The oldest oak-tree in England is supposed to be a huge one at Cowthorpe, in Yorkshire; and though worthy of a better fate, it is now used as a cattle shed.

The ear is an extremely delicate organ, and when once its nicely adjusted apparatus is injured, or its sensitiveness impaired, it becomes a difficult matter to restore its former conditions. The *Popular Science Monthly* for June contains some suggestions in regard to the care of the ear, which will doubtless be new to many persons. It says that the passage of the ear does not require cleaning by us. Nature undertakes that task, and in the healthy state fulfills it perfectly. Her means for cleaning the ear is the wax, which dries up into thin, fine scales, and these peel off, one by one, from the surface of the passage, and fall out imperceptibly, leaving behind them a perfectly clean, smooth surface. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty; but if we attempt to clean it we infallibly make it so. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad—it keeps the wax moist when it ought to become dry and scaly, increases its quantity unduly, and makes it absorb the dust with which the air always abounds. But the most hurtful thing is introducing the corner of the towel, screwed up, and twisting it round. It irritates the passages, often producing pain, inflammation, and even deafness. We think many persons can remember the pain and discomfort periodically inflicted upon them as children by the rough extraction of the wax, which was considered needful for cleanliness. Whatever may be necessary for a diseased ear, the *Science Monthly* does not think the healthy ear requires to be dug into by sharp instruments. Washing should extend only to the outer surface, as far as the finger can reach. In case of ear-ache all strong and irritating applications should be avoided, and warm flannels and soothing fomentations used.

A curious case has been brought before the police court at Edinburgh, Scotland. Two persons were charged with keeping cocks in their back-yards, which began to crow so lustily at break of day that all sleep was impossible after the commencement of the concert. One gentleman said his wife's health had been completely broken down through want of rest. It was recommended that the hutches in which the fowl were kept should be made more secure from light, in the hope of keeping them quiet. The result of the experiment is awaited with interest by the sufferers.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The present year will be pre-eminently characterized in the history of the United States by the number of scientific expeditions, thoroughly equipped in every respect, and fitted out for exploration in various regions of the great West; and although most of them have been already referred to in our columns, it may be well to recapitulate them in geographical order. The most northerly is the International Northern Boundary Commission, which is intended to survey the line of the forty-ninth parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the crest of the Rocky Mountains. The survey of the eastern section of the northern boundary of the United States was completed many years ago by Colonel J. D. Graham and others, and that of the western section, from the Pacific coast to the Rocky Mountains, was brought to a close in 1860. The middle section, as was the western, is in charge of Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Washington, as commissioner, with Major Twining as chief engineer officer on the part of the United States. Dr. Elliott Coues, of the army, the well-known naturalist, accompanies the expedition in that capacity, and the work will be done in connection with a large party, equally well equipped, detailed by the British government.

The labor of this commission was begun in 1872, consisting in the examination of the line from the Lake of the Woods to Pembina, this village being the starting-point for the present year.

The next expedition is that along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and will consist of a body of about 2000 troops, under the immediate command of Colonel D. N. Stanley. This will concentrate at Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri, now representing the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, and its route will be westward toward and across the Yellow Stone River. This large force is intended to keep the Indians in check, and prevent any interferences on their part with the location and construction parties of the railway. In view of the fact that this expedition passes through a rich and but little known country, abounding in objects of natural history and zoology, the president of the National Academy of Sciences memorialized the Secretary of War in reference to the appointment of a corps of scientific men to accompany it; and this communication being favorably received, a number of gentlemen were duly commissioned. Some of these, however, subsequently found themselves unable to carry out their intention; but finally an organization was completed, with Mr. J. A. Allen, of Cambridge, as zoologist; Dr. Lionel R. Nettre, of New York, as mineralogist and geologist; Mr. William Pywell, of Washington, as photographer; Mr. Edward Konopicky, of Cambridge, as zoological and landscape artist; and Mr. C. W. Bennett as general assistant. These gentlemen have been commended especially to the kind attentions of General Sheridan and Colonel Stanley, and will receive every facility possible for carrying on their work.

The next expedition is that of Professor F. V. Hayden, who continues the work upon which he has been engaged for so many years. His starting-point is Denver, and the region to be explored lies south of the fortieth parallel of latitude, and extending from Green River on the west to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. He expects to occupy several successive years in proceeding toward the Mexican boundary. The expedition has been divided into several parties, each with its commander. The general topographical and surveying work is under the direction of Mr. James T. Gardner, so well known in connection with Mr. Clarence King's explorations. Some of the specialists accompanying the expedition are Dr. F. M. Endlich and Mr. Marvin as geologists, and Mr. J. H. Batty as zoologist.

The next survey in the geographical order of arrangement is that of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, in continuation of the labors of several preceding years. This expedition will be divided into four main field parties, one of which will be again subdivided, and includes four astronomical and triangulation parties. Party No. 1, under charge of Lieutenant Wheeler himself, will operate in portions of New Mexico and Arizona, and will be accompanied by Mr. G. K. Gilbert as chief geologist, and Dr. Oscar Loew as assistant geologist. Party No. 2, under Lieutenant Hoxie, will be accompanied by Mr. E. E. Howell as geologist, and Mr. H. W. Henshaw as naturalist. This party will move from Salt Lake to Camp Wingate, passing through portions of New Mexico and Arizona. The third party, under Lieutenant William L. Marshall, with Professor J. J. Stevenson as geologist and mineralogist, and Dr. J. L. Rothrock as medical officer and naturalist, will move southwest from Denver through to Wingate, and explore also a portion of New Mexico and Arizona.

The fourth, or triangulation party, will start from Santa Fé, and carry a system of triangulation west to the meridian of Fort Wingate, and thence south to the Mexican border. The first astronomical party will be stationed at Salt Lake, with Mr. J. H. Clarke as observer; the second will be on the Denver and Santa Fé line, Dr. F. Kampf, observer; the third will be on the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific railroad lines, with William W. Maryatt as observer; and the fourth party at Ogden, with Professor H. B. Herr as observer. Here an observatory will be constructed for receiving signals from communicating stations, with a view of establishing differences of longitude.

The expedition of Major J. W. Powell on the Colorado River, in Utah, comes next in order, this gentleman being now occupied in finishing his work and preparing his report in compliance with the act of Congress. Major Powell had been several years in this region, and has already constructed a map of wonderful interest and great accuracy. In connection with his work he has made a very large ethnological collection relating to the Piute Indians.

The explorations of Mr. Clarence King, who has been engaged for several years in the survey of the line of the fortieth parallel, will, it is understood, be completed during the present season by reviewing some portions of the route already traversed.

The engineer expedition under Captain Jones will also proceed from Cheyenne along the Wind River Mountains to some point on the Upper Missouri, and will be accompanied by Dr. Parry, the well-known botanist. It is also understood that a large government party will start from Fort Ellis and proceed eastward, and form part of the Yellow Stone expedition already referred to.

The exploration of Alaska will also be prosecuted in behalf of the Coast Survey by Mr. William H. Dall, who has already proceeded to the Aleutian Islands, with a view of preparing a proper chart of the same, and especially of selecting a suitable landing-place for the proposed Pacific Ocean cable. The labors of Mr. Henry W. Elliott and Captain Bryant in the islands of St. Paul and St. George, in Behring Sea, will, it is hoped, be as productive as in 1872.

Nearly all the parties referred to, while, of course, prepared for prosecuting the topographical, geographical, and astronomical service, are accompanied by competent geologists, botanists, and zoologists, and there is reason to believe that the amount of material which will be transmitted by them to the National Museum will exceed in magnitude and value that of any previous year since its establishment in 1857.

From the *Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office we gather the following general survey of the principal features of the weather for the week ending Wednesday, June 4. But one storm is chronicled; its centre moved from the northwest over the lakes eastward into Canada. A slight depression of the barometer, but attended with heavy rains, has existed in Florida. An extensive mass of cold air, attended by high barometric readings and clear dry weather, moved south and east over the lake region on Friday and Saturday, and after traversing the entire country east of the Mississippi, has now passed off the coast, still moving southward and eastward. Heavy rains have been reported from the Southern and Gulf States during the early part of the week, but have prevailed in the northwest and in New England during the latter portion. The weather has been cool throughout the country.

One of the most important services that astronomy has rendered to mankind consists in the contributions it has made to the progress of navigation, and the increased security of life and property. In this field England has always taken the lead, and the efforts of Mr. Hartnup at Liverpool are a worthy continuation of the labors of Flamstead, Bradley, and Airy. While the Greenwich Observatory has caused a great improvement in the general standard of the chronometers bought for the use of the government vessels, Mr. Hartnup has sought to effect a similar reform for the mercantile marine. He has insisted on the vital importance to ship-masters, as well as to owners and insurance companies, of the careful determination of the rates of their chronometers as affected by temperature. The makers of these instruments and the astronomers who use them carefully have always known that which captains of vessels have been very slow to profit by, *i. e.*, that the chronometers are, when made, so adjusted that they keep perfect time at two temperatures, such as 55° and 85° F., while between these limits they gain, and beyond them they lose, on the true time. It is rare that this variation in the chronometer rate can be safely overlooked by a careful navigator, though it is frequently done by those whose vessels do not carry a precious burden of one or two thousand souls. The only excuse for this neglect is the positive assurance of the maker that the chronometer is perfectly reliable—an assurance that is often fortified by very deceitful figures. The difficulty and expense of a searching investigation into the errors to which every chronometer is liable have long been supposed by the trade to stand in the way of the introduction of such chronometers only as were of approved reliability. In order to obviate the difficulty as far as possible, the Liverpool Observatory has been constructed by Mr. Hartnup specially for the purpose of studying the rates of the chronometers that may be sent thither by captains sailing from that port. The expense of the examination given to such chronometers is comparatively trifling; and the number of chronometers submitted to him has annually increased, until by reason of the recent regulations at that port the number of examinations has amounted to between one and two thousand annually, the same instruments having been several times submitted to him. The process pursued by Mr. Hartnup consists in exposing each chronometer for a week to a uniform temperature of 55°, and determining its rate each day; it is then for another week exposed to a temperature of 70°, and then to one of 85°; the next week it is returned to the temperature of 70°, and the last or fifth week it is exposed to the temperature of 55°, as at first. By means of general laws regulating the rates of chronometers it is now possible to determine what the rate will be at other temperatures than the three above mentioned, and knowing these, the navigator is able to apply the proper correction to his time-keeper so exactly that he need never mistake his position upon the ocean.

The records of the Liverpool Observatory for the past year show: 1. That the rates of about ten per cent. of the chronometers tested (those of the mercantile marine very generally have the ordinary compensation balance) are so irregular as to render the instruments entirely unfit for nautical purposes. 2. The error of adjustment for temperature of the remaining ninety per cent. is often so erroneous as to produce *a change of daily rate of many seconds*, when the temperature varies but little from either of the two standard points of 55° and 85°, or thereabouts. 3. That the best-made and most carefully adjusted instruments gain, on the average, daily six-tenths of a second more at a temperature of 70° than at 55° or 85°. 4. That those that have the same rate at 55° and 70°, or at 70° and 85°, lose when exposed to temperatures beyond these limits at the rate of 1.5 seconds daily for a change of fifteen degrees in temperature. 5. That when the connection between temperature and daily rate has been well determined, it will remain constant in good instruments for a long time, which need in general to be examined only once in one, two, or three years.

The vital importance of this subject to the interests of safe, speedy navigation will be impressed upon every one by the disaster that befell the *Atlantic*, consequent upon being some twenty miles (or ninety seconds of time) out in her reckoning.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Louisville drummer was the other day giving his experience in the Red River country. "In a small town below Shreveport," he said, "I was going around with my samples, when I met a green, gawkish, country fellow, with two fancy red strings hanging down on each side of his boot-legs, which I supposed were drawer-strings, not knowing that they wore red strings around their legs in that country for ornament. In a spirit of kindness I said, 'Stranger, your drawer-strings are hanging down.' He gave me a savage look, put his hand on his pistol-belt, and drawled out, 'Look-a-here, mister, are you running them strings?'"

A spread-eagle orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every town and county, to every village and hamlet, in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flown a mile."

A physician stopped at the shop of a country apothecary and inquired for a pharmacopœia. "Sir," said the apothecary, "I know of no such farmer living about these parts."

The reputation of members of the Legislature for sobriety seems to be rather bad in Kentucky. Two of them were rather noisily drunk on a railroad train the other day, and when the conductor remonstrated, one of them pompously asked: "Do you not know, Sir, that I am a member of the Legislature?" The conductor quietly replied, "You've got the symptoms."

What does a man see in the wild, wild waves?—Sea foam.

"That's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation. "Then if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

"Unless you give me aid," said a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do." The lady handed him a dollar, and compassionately asked, "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?" "Work," was the mournful answer.

How do you define black as your hat?—Darkness that may be felt.

A young drug clerk committed suicide a few days ago. At the inquest the coroner asked a fellow-clerk of the deceased if he knew of any cause for the suicide. "No," was the reply; "he was getting along nicely, and was going to be married next month." "Going to be married, was he?" exclaimed the coroner. "That will do. We have got at the bottom of this business."

Intellectual Farming—Harrowing a man's feelings.

The other day a countryman asked one of Barnum's men, "Where is the mummy?" The latter replied, "He is dead;" and the inquirer passed on, perfectly satisfied, for he couldn't expect that even Barnum could prevent an occasional death among his curiosities.

Smiggins says that his idea of a grain elevator is realized in rye whisky.

It is interesting to notice a man of tender corns on a croquet ground. He will stand around, always in the way, until some sunny-haired maiden croquets on his pet toe, and then he will throw his mallet wildly among the players and go waltzing off on one leg among the shrubbery, choking himself black in the face with exclamations he dare not utter, while the maiden will smile serenely, and murmur, "Oh, Mr. F——, I did not mean to."

A man out West who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of "eternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says, "Poor dear man! how I wish he hadn't died!" and the lady immediately thinks of something else to talk about.

Never undertake to fasten a door with a lock from your own head.

Why should Irish tradesmen give more trust than others?—Because they are of the sell-tic race.

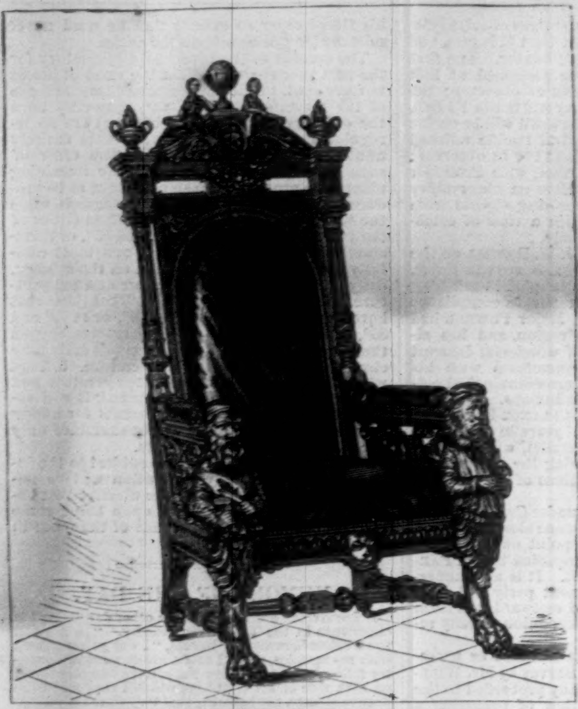
A young lady in the rural districts likes Mr. Chromo's pictures about as well as any body's.

An English writer, in his advice to young married women, says that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of the match, lost his situation.

There must be two sides to a perfect bargain. So thought a Florida sheriff, who was recently invited to resign. He replied: "Your communication is received, stating that my resignation will meet the approbation of the Governor. It does not meet mine."

Why is an errand-boy like an old horse put up at auction?—Because he will go for what he will fetch.

A gentleman, whose morning dram had been a little too much for him, in saddling his horse got the saddle wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman from Germany passed on.



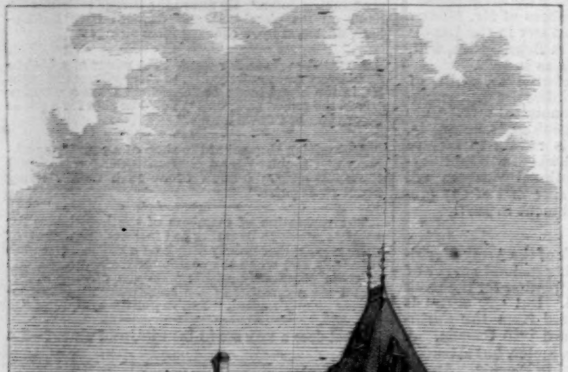
THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR.

H. W. SAGE.

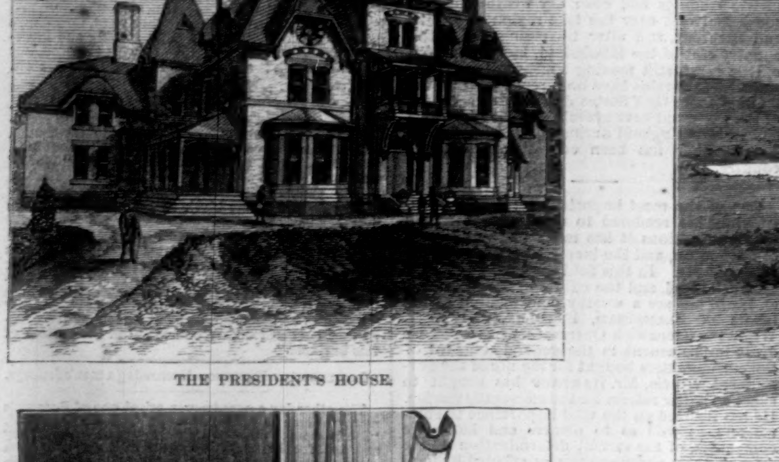
HIRAM SIBLEY.

EZRA

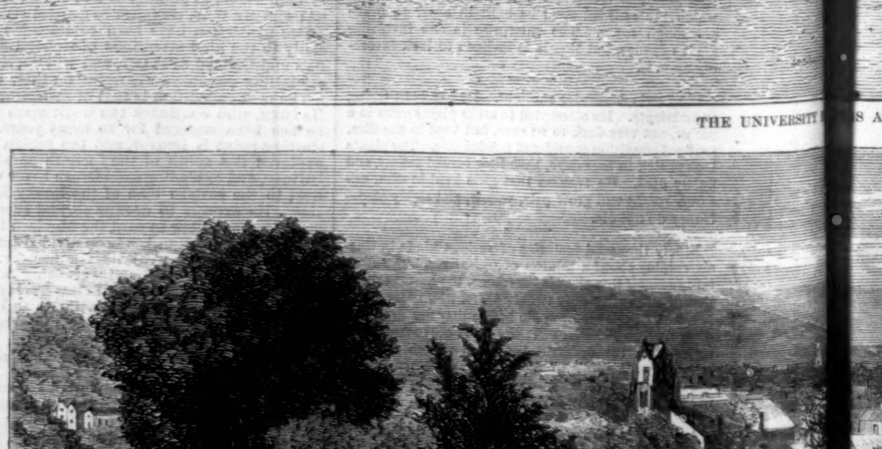
THE UNIVERSITY S A



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

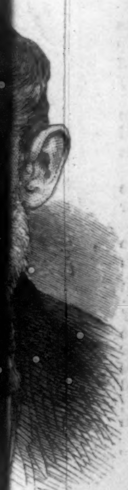


SIBLEY COLLEGE—MACHINE-SHOP.



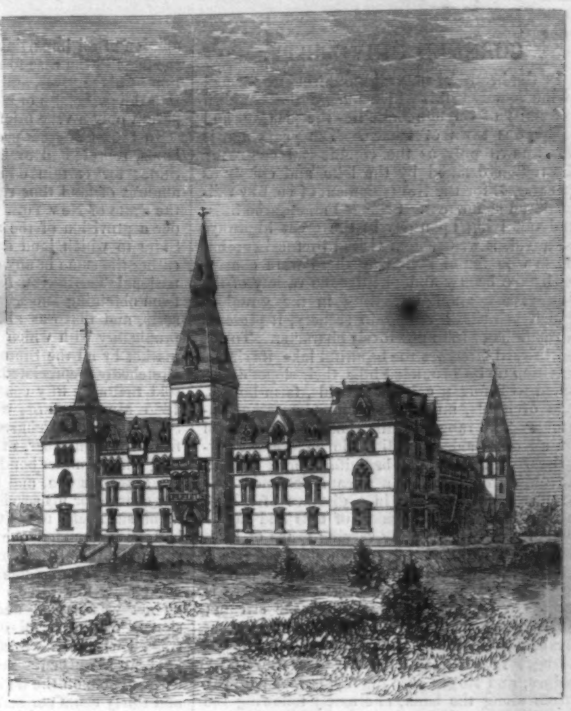
ITHACA, FRO VERS

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK.—From Photog by

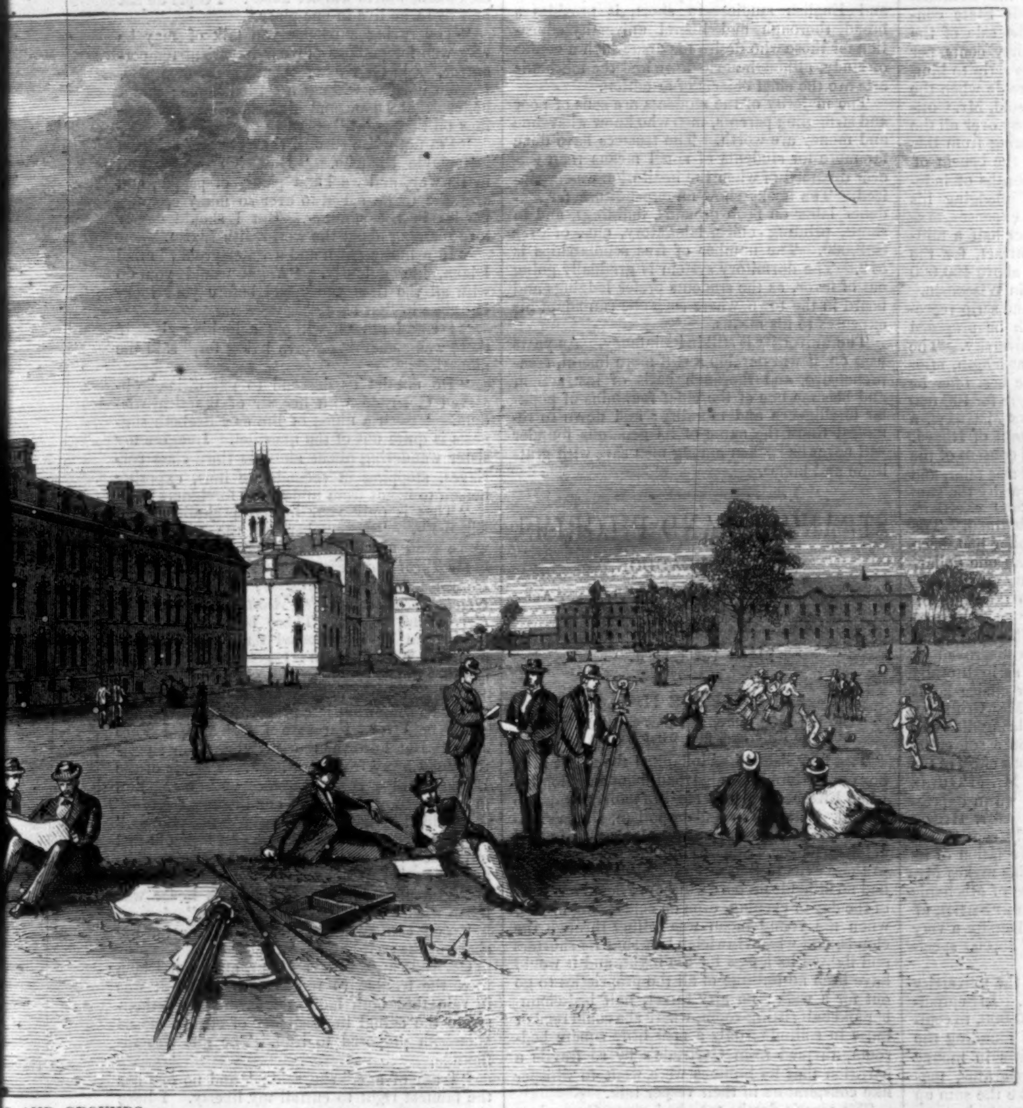


PRESIDENT A. D. WHITE.

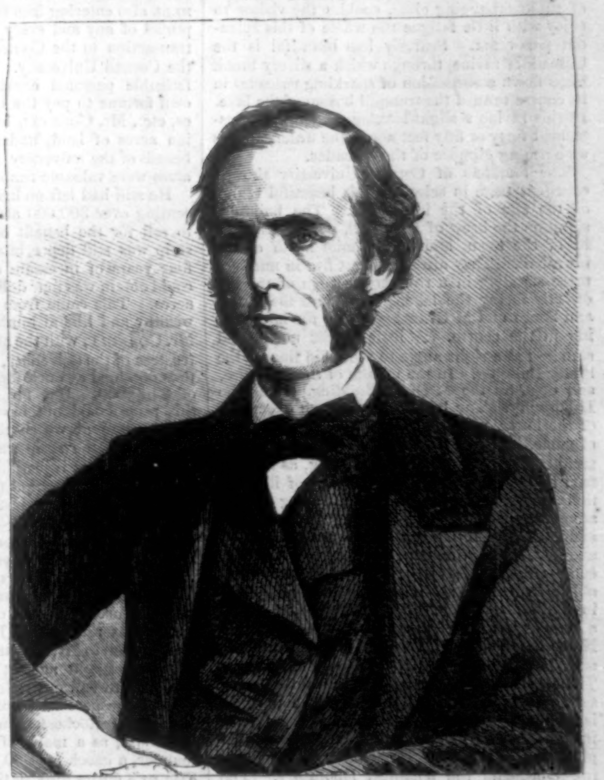
JOHN M'GRAW.



SAGE COLLEGE.

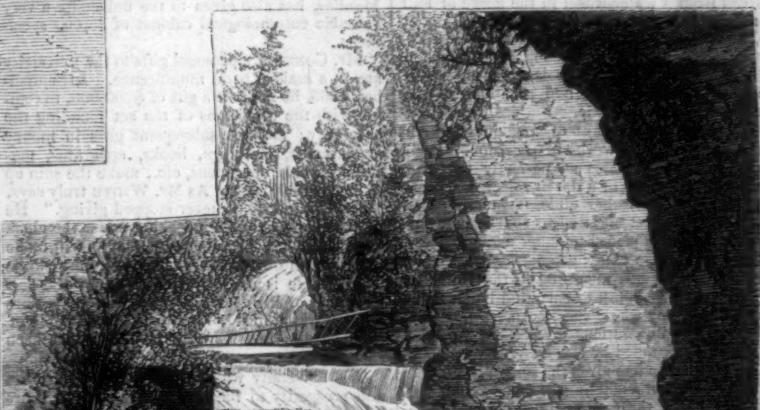


...S AND GROUNDS.



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

FRO... VERSITY ROAD.



CORNELL WATER-POWER—FALL CREEK.

...OGR... BY J. BEARDSLEY AND SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 530.]

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

In the beautiful natural amphitheatre formed by the rounded hills which inclose the southern extremity of Cayuga Lake lies the pleasant and prosperous town of Ithaca. Ten years ago it was known only as the commercial centre of the region drained by the lake, and chiefly as an *entrepôt* for the transshipment of coal by railroad and steamboat. Secluded among the hills, and not lying upon any of the great highways of travel, it was seldom visited by tourists; but those who found their way there were charmed by the beauty and picturesque variety of the landscape. Though wanting in the grandeur which belongs to mountain scenery, it presents attractions of the most lovely character. To the northward stretches the beautiful lake, its shores swelling up into rounded hills, their slopes diversified with forest, cultivated fields, farm-houses, and orchards, and broken into picturesque ravines. The range of hills shutting in the town on all other sides is fruitful in picturesque surprises. There is the beautiful gorge of Fall Creek, through which a stream descends four hundred and fifty feet in a distance of a little over a mile, in a succession of falls and rapids which present constantly varying forms of loveliness. The falls are five in number, the smallest of which is thirty, and the largest a little more than a hundred feet in height. There is always a fair volume of water in the stream; but when swelled to a torrent by the spring freshets it presents a magnificent sight as it plunges in foam and thunder over the rocky ledges, and surges over the rapids. A pathway made along the bank, alternately following the bed of the creek or zigzagging along the face of the overhanging cliffs, enables the visitor to enjoy with little fatigue the whole of this splendid panorama. Scarcely less beautiful is the Cascadilla ravine, through which a silvery brook leaps down a succession of sparkling cascades in its course toward the tranquil bosom of the lake. In this ravine a slight-looking, airy bridge, suspended forty or fifty feet above the water, affords a charming glimpse of the cascades.

The founders of Cornell University showed excellent taste in selecting this beautiful region as the site of the institution. The buildings stand on the brow of East Hill, outside the limits of the town, and half a mile north of the town-hall. They are at present five in number, three standing in a row on the edge of the hill directly facing the lake. These are the North and South and M'Graw buildings, the latter being in the centre. A little to the north, and standing at a right angle to the main line, is the Sibley Building. In the middle of the inclosure, and opposite the M'Graw Building, stands the Laboratory. The buildings, with the exception of the latter, which is of wood, are constructed of stone, in a substantial, unpretending style of architecture. The M'Graw Building, as may be seen by referring to our double page of illustrations, is the largest and most striking edifice among them. It is two hundred feet by sixty, and is surmounted by a clock-tower one hundred and twenty feet in height. This building will contain the rapidly increasing and already valuable library of the university, the large collections in the various branches of natural science, and a number of commodious lecture-rooms. The North and South buildings are each one hundred and sixty-five feet by fifty, and four stories high. They are used partly for dormitories and partly for recitation-rooms. The Sibley Building, which is eighty feet by forty, is devoted to the department of the Mechanic Arts. It contains the engine-room, printing-press, machine-shop, draughting-room, and the botanical laboratory. The power for the machine-shop and printing-office is derived from a water-wheel in the gorge of Fall Creek, of which mention has been made, about 450 feet from the building, the power being transmitted by a wire cable. The shop is well supplied with ordinary machinists' tools, some of which are of excellent quality, and additions to the stock are constantly made. Besides instruction in the ordinary branches of machine-work, a specialty is made of works of precision. Here are made surface plates so perfectly flat and smooth that any one of a dozen selected at random will float, or rather glide, upon any other like ice upon ice; straight edges so true that any two of them when placed together exclude every ray of light; angle plates geometrically square; and standard gauges measured to the 10,000th part of an inch. Work of this kind is not done to any extent any where else in America.

One of our illustrations gives a view of the Sage College, founded by Henry W. Sage, Esq., of Brooklyn, who has given the sum of $250,000 for the erection of a building for female students. This structure, the corner-stone of which was laid a few weeks ago by the hands of Mrs. Sage, will stand somewhat apart from the other buildings, in the lot immediately south of the present grounds. As will be seen from our illustration, engraved from the architect's drawings, it will be one of the handsomest structures in the country.

Another illustration shows the President's House. It is a handsome brick building, the gift of Mr. White to the university. The President's chair, a very elegant and elaborate piece of workmanship, is also the gift of the President. The carving with which it is adorned is emblematical of the purpose and design of the university.

On the same pages will be found the portraits of several of the eminent gentlemen whose names are connected with the founding and management of the university.

Cornell University has an interesting history. The recent attack in the Legislature upon the integrity of its founder, Ezra Cornell, has drawn from President White the full story of the efforts of this remarkable man to establish the institution now known by his name. In the opinion of all impartial observers this recital of the facts in the case forms a triumphant vindication of his motives, and establishes beyond question the good faith of all his actions. Our limits permit only a very brief outline of the history.

In 1862 Congress passed an act appropriating lands, represented by land scrip, to each of the States for certain educational purposes. The amount of land thus represented which came to the State of New York was 990,000 acres. Under a provision of the act which prohibited any State to which land scrip was issued from locating the same in any other State or any of the national Territories, New York was precluded from obtaining lands. The State could sell the scrip, and that was all. Through the reckless prodigality with which it was thrown upon the market by all the States, the scrip soon became wretchedly depreciated. Some of the States sold theirs at fifty cents, and even lower. In 1865 Mr. Cornell, with the approval of the State officers, purchased 100,000 acres of scrip from the Controller, at fifty cents an acre, placing himself under bonds to locate the lands, pay the taxes thereon, and sell the same, and, without charge for his services, to pay over all profits on such sales to the Cornell University, which had been founded the same year. But over seven-eighths of the scrip still remained unsold, and it was impossible to sell it except at a wretchedly low price. In this state of affairs an act was passed under which the Commissioners of the Land-office of this State contracted with Mr. Cornell for the sale of the land at sixty cents per acre, thirty cents per acre payable on the delivery of the scrip to him, and thirty cents per acre more payable when the lands located with the scrip were sold, Mr. Cornell also entering into bonds to pay over all the profits of any and every kind coming from this transaction to the Controller, for the benefit of the Cornell University. After months of indefatigable personal exertion, and pledging his own fortune to pay the necessary expenses, taxes, etc., Mr. Cornell located over half a million acres of land, under his contract, for the benefit of the university, of which above 400,000 acres were valuable timber lands in Wisconsin.

He still had left on his hands land scrip representing over 300,000 acres, which he proposed to sell for the benefit of the university. The scrip was still depreciated; and at length, after four years of incessant effort, the best offer he could obtain was four dollars per acre for 100,000 acres. This came from Mr. John M'Graw, a wealthy and liberal lumber merchant of Ithaca. Mr. Cornell, with the advice and consent of the trustees of the university, accepted this offer, and thus obtained at once for the university the sum of $400,000. But for his personal exertions this price could not have been obtained. The highest rate at which the Controller had been able to sell the scrip was less than one dollar, and Mr. White is justified in saying that by this transaction Mr. Cornell gave to the State of New York $300,000 just as truly as if he had given it out of his own pocket. The charge that he might have sold it for more is disproved by the fact that for four years the scrip literally went begging for buyers. A few choice lands might have brought more, but Mr. Cornell wisely refused by such a course to bring discredit upon what remained. It must be a source of gratification to Mr. Cornell that one effect of the charges brought against him by Mr. M'Guire has been to call out renewed and warm expressions of respect and confidence. Mr. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, has recently sent to the university, as a mark of his appreciation of its founder, a check for $30,000. This makes Mr. Sibley's entire gifts to the College of Mechanic Arts about $100,000. Mr. Herbert Smith, of Manlius, has also given to the university a very valuable entomological cabinet of 25,000 specimens.

Mr. Cornell's personal gifts to the university are on a scale of royal munificence. In September, 1865, he made it a gift of $500,000, to comply with the provisions of the act founding the university; and his subsequent gifts in money for grounds, buildings, books, apparatus, machinery, tools, specimens, etc., make the sum up to nearly $800,000. As Mr. White truly says, "Mr. Cornell has never stopped giving." He has been accused of self-seeking under the cloak of benevolence. It is charged that he will make himself rich out of the lands. But how can he do so? He is under heavy bonds for the performance of his contract; and even if he were not, his whole life shows him to be incapable of the acts and motives with which he has been charged.

The university which thus owes its existence and prosperity to the man whose name it bears has been in active operation about five years. The faculty numbers twenty full professors, eleven assistant professors, eight non-resident professors, three instructors, and several short-course lecturers on special subjects. The number of students is nearly six hundred. Six years ago the university grounds were a wheat field; now there are buildings already erected or in process of construction whose cost is over $700,000. It owns a choice library of over 37,000 volumes, the third in size and the second in value in the country. There are collections of specimens, apparatus, models, splendid in character and extent. These have all been a free gift to the university. Not a dollar has come out of the funds provided by the nation. Within seven years over $1,450,000 have been given to the university, and more is promised.

The course of instruction is liberal and thorough. The act of Congress providing for the establishment of schools of agriculture and mechanics in the several States declares that

> "The leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the Legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the general pursuits and professions of life."

The law of this State reiterates this, and adds:

> "But such other branches of science and knowledge may be embraced in the plan of instruction and investigation pertaining to the university as the trustees may think useful and proper."

The trustees of Cornell University have carried out these provisions in good faith and to the letter. The department of Agriculture possesses an excellent equipment, and presents a thorough and extended course of instruction. The department of Mechanic Arts has been even more brilliantly successful. It is thought to be the foremost of its kind in the country. Through the munificence of Mr. Hiram Sibley, it has been provided with a splendid and commodious building, with lecture-rooms, draughting-rooms, and a workshop, already alluded to, filled with machinery, tools, and models of the very best construction, where students, under skillful guidance, become not only scientific, but thoroughly practical master mechanics and mechanical engineers. The departments of Civil Engineering and Architecture are also in successful operation, and a School of Mines will be added at no distant day. The university has also liberally provided for the other objects for which it was chartered—for military instruction, classical and English studies—in short, it provides a broad, thorough, and liberal university education for those who desire to pursue such a course of study, although agriculture and the mechanic arts are the chief objects of attention.

The majority of the students are sons of poor and struggling parents, men who know what time and money are worth. The trustees have done far more for students of small means than was ever dreamed of when the institution was organized. The books show an expenditure for students' labor on farm grounds, buildings, and in shops, printing-office, laboratory, etc., of over $32,000. The number of free scholarships is 512. The dormitory system is gradually going out of favor, as the students prefer lodgings and board in the town, where each one can adapt his expenses to his means.

The university is still in its infancy. As years pass on, it will develop a still more liberal, comprehensive, and thorough basis of instruction, and become one of the chief fountains of popular intelligence and morality; and down to remotest times the name of its generous founder will never be spoken among men save with gratitude and honor.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By Miss Braddon,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER II.

> "Oh, the little more, and how much it is,
> And the little less, and what worlds away!"

The four sisters had inhabited the smart little box on the Boroughbridge road about four months, when Elizabeth's scanty stock of patience came to an end. Gertrude's small despotism, Diana's languors and affectations and headaches, she could abide no longer. She was brought so much closer to these evils in that circumscribed abode. She had no hill-side orchard whither to flee at any hour of the day or evening, even on cold spring nights, when the young moon was sailing through the clouds, and when Hawleigh had shut its shutters and lighted its lamps for the night, and it would have been an outrage of all the proprieties to go out for a walk; no airy turret, half bed-chamber and half sitting-room, where she could read or muse in solitude; only a neat little square bedroom, divided from Gertrude's by so fragile a partition that its inmates were wont to whisper like conspirators in their vesper talk.

The vicar's death, too, had given Gertrude a new position in the home circle. She assumed the responsibility of their future life. She had chosen and taken the house, and selected the furniture they were to keep, and regulated the mode and manner of their new life; which friends and acquaintances of the past they were chiefly to cherish, and which they were gently and graciously to let drop. Gertrude kept the purse and the keys, regulated the expenditure, and held possession of the narrow store closets. The younger sisters could hardly order an extra cup of tea without permission, or breakfast in bed perchance on a bleak winter morning without inventing some ailment as an excuse for that indulgence. Diana submitted from sheer laziness.

"I must live with some one who will order my dinner and pour out my tea for me," she said; "and it may as well be Gertrude as any one else. I dare say if I were rich enough to have a confidential maid, she would tyrannize over me."

One day, toward the end of March, Elizabeth astonished her sisters by declaring her intention of going abroad straightway.

"I shall go over to Dieppe," she said, "and wander through Normandy, and then make my way somehow to Belgium—my geographical ideas are of the vaguest, but I shall find out every thing when I am there—and then perhaps I shall go up the Rhine; and I don't think I shall come back till the winter. I have been reading up a foreign *Bradshaw*, and making tremendous calculations about ways and means. Oh, by-the-bye, Gertrude, how much have we each to live upon? I know I can manage with it, for I mean to do things in a strong-minded, economical way—traveling third-class, and even walking from one town to another when the distances are short; and third-class traveling is dirt-cheap on the Continent. I shall wear no fine washing dresses; nothing more expensive than a linsey gown and a water-proof cloak."

Until this moment Gertrude had only been able to stare. Even the languid Diana dropped her novel, and looked her astonishment at this wild proposition.

"Are you mad, Elizabeth?" exclaimed the eldest sister, sternly; "or do you mean this for a joke?"

"I am not mad, not a wee bit wud, as the Scotch say"—she had read a little of Burns with her lover—"and I have long left off joking. Pray don't look so unutterably shocked, Gerty. I really mean what I say. What is the use of all this talk about woman's rights if one is to be pent up all one's life in a place like this in order to do homage to the proprieties? Hawleigh is killing me by inches. I shouldn't at all mind dying, but I don't want to die of slow poison; and my present life is poison to me—worse than infinitesimal doses of antimony."

"Very flattering to the relatives you live with," suggested Gertrude.

"Oh, I don't mean you; but this house, Hawleigh, every thing. Old Lady Paulyn was right: we ought to have gone on the Continent. Not to settle down in some prosy old place, as she suggested, but to wander about. People do not half live who live in one place."

"The roving existence you talk of may be very well for persons of your impatient temperament," said Gertrude; "but for my own part, I could not live without a settled home; and I believe that Diana and Blanche share my feelings on that point."

"I'm not quite sure of that, Gerty," said the intractable Blanche. "Hawleigh is very well in its way, and we know plenty of people, and are sure to be asked to ever so many croquet-parties in the summer. But I should dearly love roaming about the world with Lizzie."

"In a linsey gown and a water-proof?" cried Diana, incredulously. "What would you do with all the time you spend before your looking-glass in that case?"

"I could get on without a looking-glass if there was something worth living for," said the damsel.

"Do not let us descend to puerilities," observed Gertrude, with her air of practical wisdom. "Such a mode of life as Elizabeth suggests is quite out of the question. Imagine my sister wandering about alone in third-class carriages, stopping at second-rate inns, exposing herself to insult from underbred foreigners!"

"That is only your insular prejudice," said Elizabeth. "Remember all the nice books we've read about lady travelers—*From Ostend to the Tyrol for a Five-pound Note; Third-class Passengers to the Jungfrau; Meat-Teas and Glaciers; or, a Maiden Aunt's Adventures in Savoy*, and so on. Those books seem all to be written by unprotected females of limited means. Why shouldn't I get on just as well as other unprotected females?"

"If you were forty years of age, the idea might be somewhat less preposterous."

"Would it? I'm sure I feel as if I were sixty. But however that may be, I must positively get away from Hawleigh. The air of the Boroughbridge road disagrees with me. You must give me my share of our income, Gerty—"

"Which would be about seventy-five pounds."

"Is it really so much as that? I should feel immensely rich on the Continent with thirty shillings a week."

"You appear to forget that this house was taken with a view to joint occupation."

"You can keep ten pounds a year for my share of the rent and taxes."

Gertrude argued for an hour, and even Diana took the trouble to remonstrate. But it was in vain that both ladies endeavored to demonstrate the actual impossibility of such a life as Elizabeth proposed to lead. The girl was inflexible.

"I am of age," she said; "and no one has the faintest right to curtail my liberty. I have set my heart upon getting away from Hawleigh. Blanche can go with me if she likes. She and I have always got on very well together. But if she doesn't like, I shall go alone."

"I suppose you forget that you have expectations from Aunt Chevenix," said Gertrude, as a final argument, "and that such a step as you contemplate is likely to alienate her affection forever."

"I have never allowed expectations to stand in my way," answered Elizabeth, scornfully; "and as I can live upon a pound a week, I can afford to be independent of Aunt Chevenix."

Remonstrance being useless, the two elder sisters bewailed their sister's folly in secret. It was a complete disruption of the small household. Blanche elected to follow the fortunes of Elizabeth, agreeing to pay her share of the rent during her absence. The most melancholy point in the whole affair was the diminution of state which this severance would necessitate. One of the two servants—the irreproachable parlor-maid, who wore muslin aprons—would have to be dismissed, now that the cost of her maintenance could be no longer shared by the four sisters. This fact moved both Gertrude and Diana more deeply than the loss of their younger and wilder sisters.

Providence, however, had a care for their interests; and an event was looming in the future which was destined to alter Elizabeth's views, or rather to present her with a more brilliant opportunity of escape from the life that had become obnoxious to her.

She was walking alone one gusty afternoon, about a week after the first discussion of her foreign wanderings, and had rambled farther

than usual on the road between Hawleigh and Ashcombe—a road that was little better than a winding lane that meandered through a long valley at the foot of the moor, following the course of a stream that brawled and babbled over its rocky bed, in the winter swollen to the dimensions of a river, and in dry summers vanished altogether from the eye of man, leaving its bare stony bed to bleach in the sun. The deep banks of the lane were thickly clothed with greenest ferns in the late summer-time; but at this season there were only a few violets nestling in the mossy turf, through which the red rich soil of the west peeped here and there in ruddy patches.

This lane was a favorite walk of Elizabeth's. Young oaks and older Scotch firs rose like a forest on one side; the steep shoulder of the moor shut it in on the other. A solitary, darksome place, in the chill March dusk, gloomy with nature's pensive gloom—a very cloister in which to meditate upon the faults and follies of her blighted life.

The boundary of her longest rambles was an old stone bridge about three miles from Hawleigh, at a point where the stream widened and made a sharp curve across the road—a very ancient bridge, covered with gray old mosses and pale sea-green lichens, and supposed to have been built by those indefatigable road-makers, the Romans.

Here she lingered this afternoon, resting a little, with her folded arms upon the parapet, watching the faint pale moon driven wildly through a cloudy gray sky.

"I don't suppose I shall be any happier abroad than I am here," she said to herself, ruminating upon her new scheme of life; "but I shall at least have something to do, and I shall not have so much time for thought if I keep jogging on from one place to another."

This was the result of all her meditations that afternoon. She looked forward to the change in her existence not with actual pleasure, only with a vague hope of relief.

She had been standing on the bridge about ten minutes, now following the moon till she was lost in a sea of clouds, now watching the water gurgling over the stones, when she heard the approach of a horseman in the quiet lane—some farmer, no doubt. She did not trouble herself to look round, but waited till he should pass before beginning her homeward walk.

He rode briskly enough up to the bridge, then slackened his pace, and rode slowly across; then, to her surprise, drew rein suddenly on the other side, sprang from his horse, and came toward her.

"Miss Luttrell, is it really you?"

She turned quickly, her pale face flushing in the twilight. It was the first time she had ever blushed at his coming.

"Lord Paulyn!" she exclaimed, as much surprised by his appearance as if she had been a thousand miles from his domains.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," he cried, holding out both his hands, but only receiving one of hers, and that one given with a reluctant air; "but I should never have expected to find you in this wretched lane—alone, too. I—I haven't seen you since the vicar's death, and I ought to have written, I dare say, but I'm not a dab—I mean, I'm a poor hand at penmanship. I should have telegraphed to you to say how sorry I was, only I knew my mother would do all that kind of thing."

"Thanks. I don't think any body's condolence is of much use in such cases, however well meant. One loses all one has to love in the world, and one's friends write polite letters, with quotations from Scripture, which are usually incorrect."

This with a faint attempt at carelessness, but with tears rising unbidden to her eyes.

"But you haven't lost all you love"—seizing upon the small black-gloved hand, and possessing himself of it in spite of her—"at least, not all who love you: that is to say, there is one foolish beggar I can vouch for who still loves you to distraction."

"I am not at all aware of any such person's existence. Let go my hand, please, Lord Paulyn; you are pressing the rings into my fingers."

"I beg your pardon"—unwillingly releasing it. "But don't pretend not to know, Elizabeth; that is too bad. I dare say other fellows have made themselves foolish about you; but you know who I mean when I talk of loving you to distraction. You know that there never was any man so infatuated as I have been—as I still am, worse luck!"

"About Miss Ramsay, I presume"—with a chilling air.

"Come, now, Lizzie, don't be absurd. Has my mother been letting out any of her fine schemes for getting me to marry Sarah Ramsay?—a young woman of thirty, with freckles and sandy hair, and about as much figure as a broomstick. She's to have something like half a million of money, I believe, for her marriage-portion; and a million or two when her father departs this life. My mother picked her up at Torquay in the autumn, and has been trying it on ever since, but without effect. I'm the kind of horse that may be brought to the water, but I don't drink unless I'm thirsty."

"Lady Paulyn told me that you were going to be married to Miss Ramsay; that it was a settled thing."

"Then she told you an infernal lie."

A little thrill of pleasure stirred Elizabeth's heart at this unfilial observation. It was not that she liked Lord Paulyn, or that she was proud of his constancy or grateful for his affection, or that she had at that moment any idea of marrying him. She was merely pleased to discover that she had not been superseded; that she still retained her dominion over him, still held him in her thrall; that she could go home to her sisters and tell them how egregiously they had been duped by the dowager's diplomatic falsehoods.

"No, Lizzie, I never cared for any one but you," the young man went on, after he had muttered his indignation at the dowager's attempt to deceive; "and I suppose I shall go on caring for you to the end of my days. It's the most miserable infatuation. Do you know that I am tolerably safe to win the Derby this year with a horse I bred myself? his sire was one of the old Dutchman stock, and his dam was sister to Styriax, who won the Two Thousand six years ago, and the Chester Cup the year after. Yes, Lizzie, I think the Derby's a safe thing this year, and yet I set no more value upon it than if it was nothing. Think of that, Lizzie—the blue ribbon of the turf. I've been winning no end of things lately; yacht races and so on last year, and a cup at Newmarket the other day. It's the old adage, you know: unlucky in love— But I'd rather win you for my wife than half a dozen consecutive Derbys. Come, now, Liz, it's all off with that other fellow; he's off the course, the Lord knows where. What is there to stand between us?"

"Merely the fact that Mr. Forde is the only man I ever loved, and that I am not quite sure I don't love him still. I owe you at least candor. It is a very humiliating confession to make; but I do not mind telling you that I loved him very dearly, and that my heart was almost broken by his desertion."

"Confounded snob!" said the Viscount; "but I'm very glad he did make himself scarce. It would have been a most unsuitable match: a splendid girl like you, born to adorn a coronet, and all that kind of thing. But I say, Lizzie—"

"Who gave you leave to call me by my Christian name?" she asked, looking round at him indignantly. She had been staring at the little river hurrying over its rugged bed, hardly seeming to listen to Lord Paulyn's discourse. He had his horse's bridle upon his arm, and found some hinderance to eloquence in the restlessness of that animal.

"Oh, come, now. It's not much of a privilege to ask, after standing all I've stood for you, and being laughed at by my friends into the bargain. But I say, Elizabeth, I want to talk to you seriously. I only ran down from London by last night's limited mail; and the chief motive that brought me here was the thought that I might find you a little better disposed toward me, when the edge of your feelings about that parson fellow had worn off. You've had time to grow wiser since we met last, and to find out that there's something more in the world than sentimental parsons. By Jove, I should think Hawleigh was a favorable place for reflection—a regular Hervey's-Meditations-among-the-Tombs kind of a place. You've had time to think it all over, Lizzie; and I hope you've made up your mind that you might be happier knocking about the world with me than moping alone here. Be my wife, Lizzie. I've been constant to you all this time, though you always treated me badly. You can't be so hard-hearted as to refuse me now."

She was slow to answer him, still watching the swift-flowing river, as if she were seeking some augury in the gurgle of the waters. Even when she did speak, it was with her eyes still bent upon the stream.

"I know that I am supremely miserable here," she said, "and that is all I know about myself."

"But you might be happier in the world, Lizzie, with me. Who could be any thing but miserable, moping in such a hole as this?" demanded Lord Paulyn, with a contemptuous glance at the darkening moorland, as if it had been the meanest thing in nature.

She scarcely heeded the manner of his speech or the words that composed it. She was debating a solemn question, holding counsel with herself. Should she astonish all her friends—prove that she, the rejected of Malcolm Forde, could mount to dazzling worlds beyond their ken? The days of her humiliation had been very bitter to her; she had eaten ashes for bread, and moistened them with angry tears. The fact that she cared nothing for this man, that her chief feeling about him was a sentiment verging upon contempt, hardly entered into her thoughts to-night; they were too exclusively selfish. Self was the very centre of her little world. Her own humiliation, her own disappointments, made up the sum total of her universe. Whatever was womanly, or true, or noble in her nature had begun and ended with her love for Malcolm Forde.

An hour ago and she had believed Lord Paulyn as completely lost to her as her father's curate, and she had begun to regret the folly that had cost her all the splendors of that brighter world which had seemed so very fair to her two years ago. And, behold! here was the constant lover again at her side, again offering her his rank and wealth, not from the haughty altitude of a King Cophetua to his beggar-maid, but urging his plea like a condemned felon beseeching the reversal of his doom.

Busy thoughts of what her life might be in the years to come if she accepted him—busy thoughts of the dull blank it needs must be if she rejected him—crowded her brain. Selfishness, ambition, pride—all the worst vices of her nature—won the victory. She turned to her lover at last, with a face that was very pale in the dim light, and said, slowly,

"If you really wish it, if you are content to take me without any profession of love or sentiment on my side—I made an end of those when I quarreled with my first lover—if you can be satisfied with such an indifferent bargain—"

"If!" cried the young man with sudden energy, putting his disengaged arm round her reluctant figure, which recoiled involuntarily from that token of appropriation. "That means Yes, and you've made me the happiest fellow in Devonshire. The horse that can stay is the winner, after all. I always said I'd have you for my wife, Lizzie, and now I shall keep my word."

From that moment her doom was sealed. There was no looking backward. Lord Paulyn took possession of his prize with the iron hand of some lawless sea-ranger swooping upon a disabled merchantman that had drifted across his track. From that hour Elizabeth Luttrell had a master.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAWAIIAN SKETCHES.

HAWAIIAN PROPER NAMES.

"Whoa, January!" Hearing this order, an unmistakable result of the influence of civilization, in a remote corner of one of the Hawaiian Islands, I naturally paused in my quiet ride to talk with the little native boy who had thus far mastered our idiom. It proved an easy task to find out all he had learned at school. His acquirements in history had centred in the above outcry to a poor old horse, to tend and capture which was his daily duty. Admiring and reverencing the character of our first President, he had determined to apply to the horse—his father's most valued possession—the name of Washington. But the title *General*, which he found in his book, was very vague. Moreover, he had never heard foreign boys say, *Whoa, General*, but always, Whoa, January! Wisely deciding to follow colloquial usage, he had named the stubby steed *January Washington*.

From superstition or caprice the Hawaiians of larger growth give to the lower animals the names of men or gods. Men and gods in turn receive appellations as quaint and inappropriate as our own English names are seen to be if we study them.

The same names are bestowed indiscriminately upon males and females. A man living on B Street, Honolulu, is called The Pretty Woman (*Wahine Maikai*); a male infant was lately christened Mrs. Tompkins; one little girl is named Samson, another The Man; Susan (*Kukena*) is a boy; so are Polly Sarah, Jane Peter, and Henry Ann.

A pretty little maid has been named by her fond parents, The Pig-Sty (*Hale Pua*). A relative hints at the diet of the coming man by calling the boy, The Rat-Eater (*Kamea Oi i Ole*).

An old servant in the family of Dr. Wight, at Kohala, anxious to express devotion to her master, caused her grandchild to be baptized in church, The Doctor (*Kauka*). This, as is the case with all the other names here mentioned, is the child's only designation.

By way of compliment to some of the early physicians, many children were named after their drugs, as Joseph Squills, Miss Rhubarb, The Dose of Medicine.

While names of an uncomplimentary or even of a disgusting significance are borne by the owners with apparent indifference, others occur of a pleasant and graceful meaning; among the latter, The Arch of Heaven (*Ka Pia Lani*), The River of Twilight (*Ka Wai Liula*), The Delicate Wreath (*Ka Lei ma ka Lii*).

The Reverend Doctor Coan, of Hawaii, possesses the love of his flock. One morning a child was presented at the baptismal service whose name was given by the parents, *Mikia*. The ceremony finished, the parents assured the doctor that they had named the baby for him. "But my name isn't Michael," said the doctor, supposing *Mikia* to be an imitation of that name. "We always hear your wife call you mi kia!" answered the mother, who had mistaken Mrs. Coan's familiar "my dear" for her husband's formal appellation.

The following names are to be found in the tax-payers' list of Honolulu: Mr. Scissors, The Thief, The Wandering Ghost, The Fool, The Man Who Washes His Dimples, Mrs. Oyster, The Tired Lizard, The Husband of Kaneia (a male deity), The Great Kettle, The First Nose, The Atlantic Ocean, The Stomach, Poor Pussy, Mrs. Turkey, The Tenth Heaven.

But "what's in a name?" Nothing to indicate the individual; much, however, in illustration of national customs and peculiarities. With due deference to the lovers of autographs, we should look at names as we do at handwritings—skeptical whether or no the precise man, the unobtrusive man, the ambitious woman, the frugal woman, have each, respectively and inevitably, the precise or the unobtrusive, the ambitious or the frugal, chirography. Both handwriting and names are likely to gain a general sentimental cast, a practical, classical, or a countrified tendency, in accordance with the taste and education of the community. The native imitativeness, shallowness, sensuality, and lack of logic have their appropriate influence upon the names of the merry, childish islanders.

A NATIVE CHURCH SERVICE.

I remember with much pleasure an hour passed in the native church at Waialua—the church, a great bare building, not even possessing a chimney to relieve its barn-like outline, awkward, hydra-headed cactuses sprawling in the hot sand at its doorway, an immediate yelping of wolfish curs from the neighboring huts, as each attendant on the service passed along the path to the church.

The Chinaman who has a store near by owns a clock which formerly controlled the hour of service; but since his time-piece, now grown dusty, delights to range two or three hours before or behind the steady march of Father Time, the pastor's breakfast-bell, heard from the other end of the village, serves at present as a signal for the first church-bell, which is sounded about an hour before the second. The sexton pulls merrily at the rope in the doorway of the church till some of the worshipers approach. Pausing a while for conversation, he then rings more slowly and with a gradual waning of effort till all sounds cease.

The blank plastered walls have a large capacity, the congregation having in former times numbered two thousand. Unlike the distribution of the audience in the great church at Honolulu, where the old men, the young married men, the young unmarried men, the old women, the young married women, the young unmarried women, with still further subdivisions among boys and girls, confirmed or unconfirmed, have severally special parts of the church assigned to them, no such distinctions show themselves this morning; for instance, a family is collected in a roomy pew near the door—four children with the mother and father. As the service progresses, the children must be amused; a loaf of bread is produced, and while the mother nurses the baby she cuts three slices from the loaf and adds these to the spiritual food which is offered her restless young ones from the pulpit. I must recall at this stage in the service a scene which occurred some years ago in a church on Hawaii. Since it is seemly and of good report to wear a bonnet into church, as the foreigners do, a number of prudent native women accomplished that rare result—the attainment of immediate pleasure in the performance of duty—by the following course: Their funds were concentrated in the purchase of a single bonnet, elaborately trimmed in brilliant blue. Having waited till the bulk of the congregation was assembled, the first woman marched down the aisle wearing the bonnet. She seated herself near a window, and lowered the bonnet by its strings to another woman waiting outside, who, wearing it in her turn, paraded along the aisle to her seat beside the first woman; this transfer was repeated till the partners were all snugly seated in a row—the bonnet remaining on the head of the last-comer. It is added that this pantomime was continued as many Sundays as the bonnet held its own, with no other effect on the beholders than to excite a general feeling of envy among the females.

Directly before the preacher two old women are seated sidewise, one confronting the other, their arms firmly clasping the knees, and each *smoking a pipe;* as they smoke they nod and yawn. Throughout the building loud snores are occasionally heard. Two little boys behind the preacher's desk skirmish with umbrellas. One of the boys is driven to the wall; the father of the defeated, showing a nice sense of propriety, comes from the body of the church and roughly leads away the boy who has discomfited his child. Young men and women walk down the aisles, or step over the backs of seats, to get drinks—sometimes returning with a mug or calabash of water for a friend. Moreover, the building has an echo of no small reciprocal power.

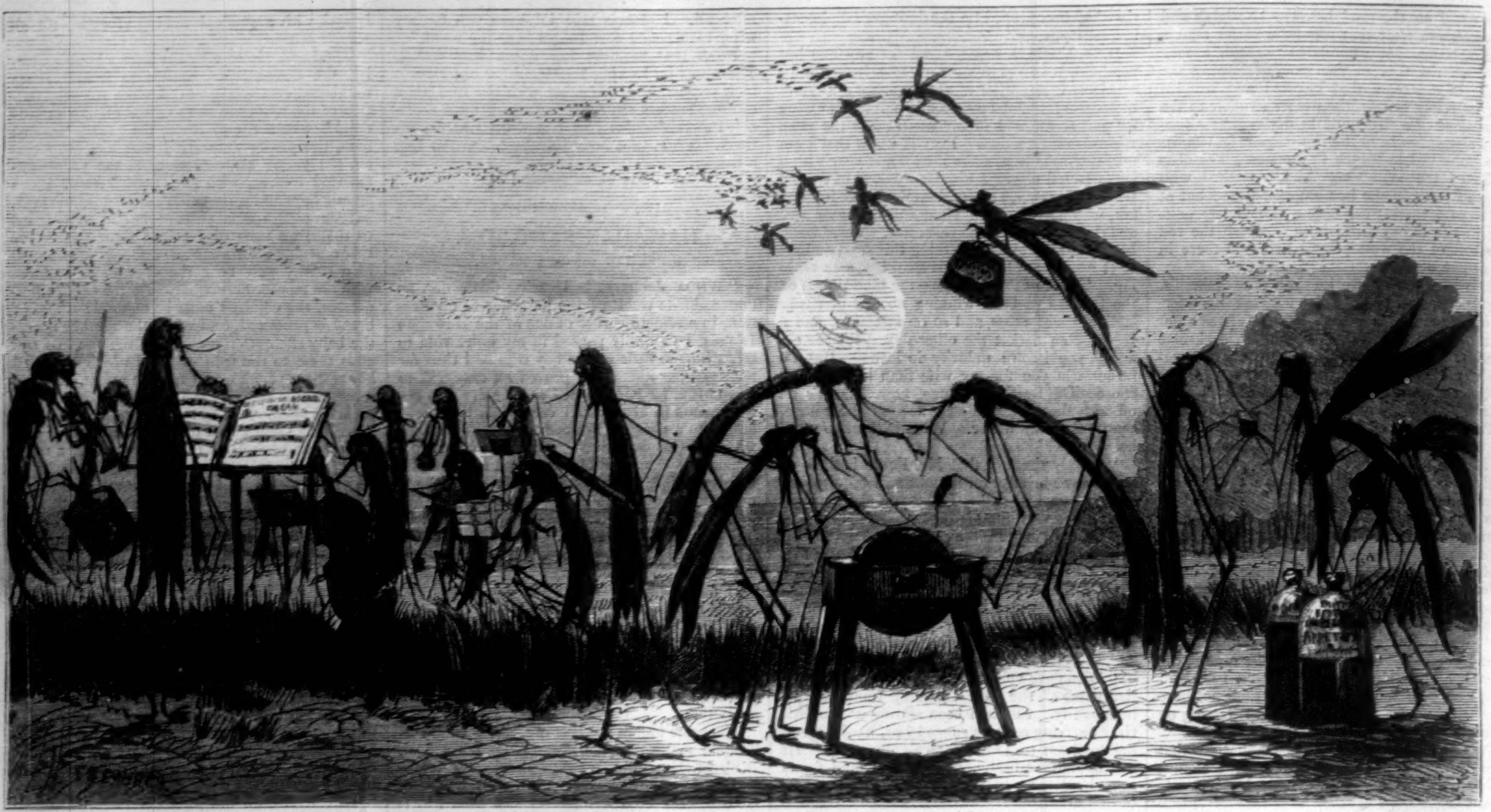
In spite, however, of these interruptions, the main portion of the large assemblage appears undisturbed. These crude people are acting at ease. The mother with four children produces a rattle as a *dernier ressort* to quiet the baby. An old woman is seized with a headache; she loosens her hair and signals a friend, who crosses the seats and kneads the muscles of her head in native fashion (the *lomi lomi*), while *Keliskamaka*, her husband, never removes his eyes from the preacher's face. *Keliskamaka* is eighty-five years old; he has little but a blue umbrella, a clean coat, and a snow-white beard braided elaborately.

THE CHOIR.

If a native woman sings well, she is *not* placed in the choir—this distinction would render her vain. "Like the peacock," remarks a native preacher, "our women always get a vain squeaking voice if they are praised, like the other birds." Unfortunately, the few good voices among the congregation have no support, and the music all around is frightful. Pausing in his part (he is, by-the-way, the only representative of the tenor voice in the choir), a young man takes from his pocket a little mirror and a comb; he carefully arranges his neck-tie and combs his hair, thus standing in full view of the audience.

At the risk of becoming tiresome, in order to present the style of preaching suited to the natives, I refer to a sermon and concluding service which I afterward heard from Rev. "Father" Lyons, of Hawaii. If saints live here below, Father Lyons is one, while he is, withal, a very practical saint. "Look!" he exclaimed, gesticulating in the most violent manner—"look at the sea, look at that old hill! *There* are enough raw fish and kalo! There is truly enough food, while you are complaining of famine. Why doesn't the Lord bring you calabashes full of it? Because you are too lazy, my brothers—you are too lazy! Go to the ant," etc. Turning to me, the only stranger in the building, he translated this portion of the sermon, the interruption being received with equanimity by the people. The sermon past, the old gentleman descended from the pulpit, and borrowing a cap, presented it to each person in the church, requiring him to give money or sign a written promise to bring it next Sabbath—occasionally entering into a discussion of the *pros* and *cons* where his parishioners objected to giving. The delinquents *blushed* and stammered with native grace; a couple of young men who attempted to slip away from their obligations were checked by a brisk turn of the minister's spectacles. The little ones who had brought a *real* were praised and thanked. As a father dealing with his children, this good man has lived with them many years in their confidence and love.

But to return to our service at Waialua, which is finished meanwhile. We can not but reflect, after witnessing the incongruous behavior of the worshipers, that we have here a rare opportunity to study the institutes of charity—the charity that does not ridicule manners and usages to which it is unaccustomed, *because* it is not used to them.



LATEST FROM THE FRONT—OUR FRIENDS THE MOSQUITOES PREPARING AND OFF FOR THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

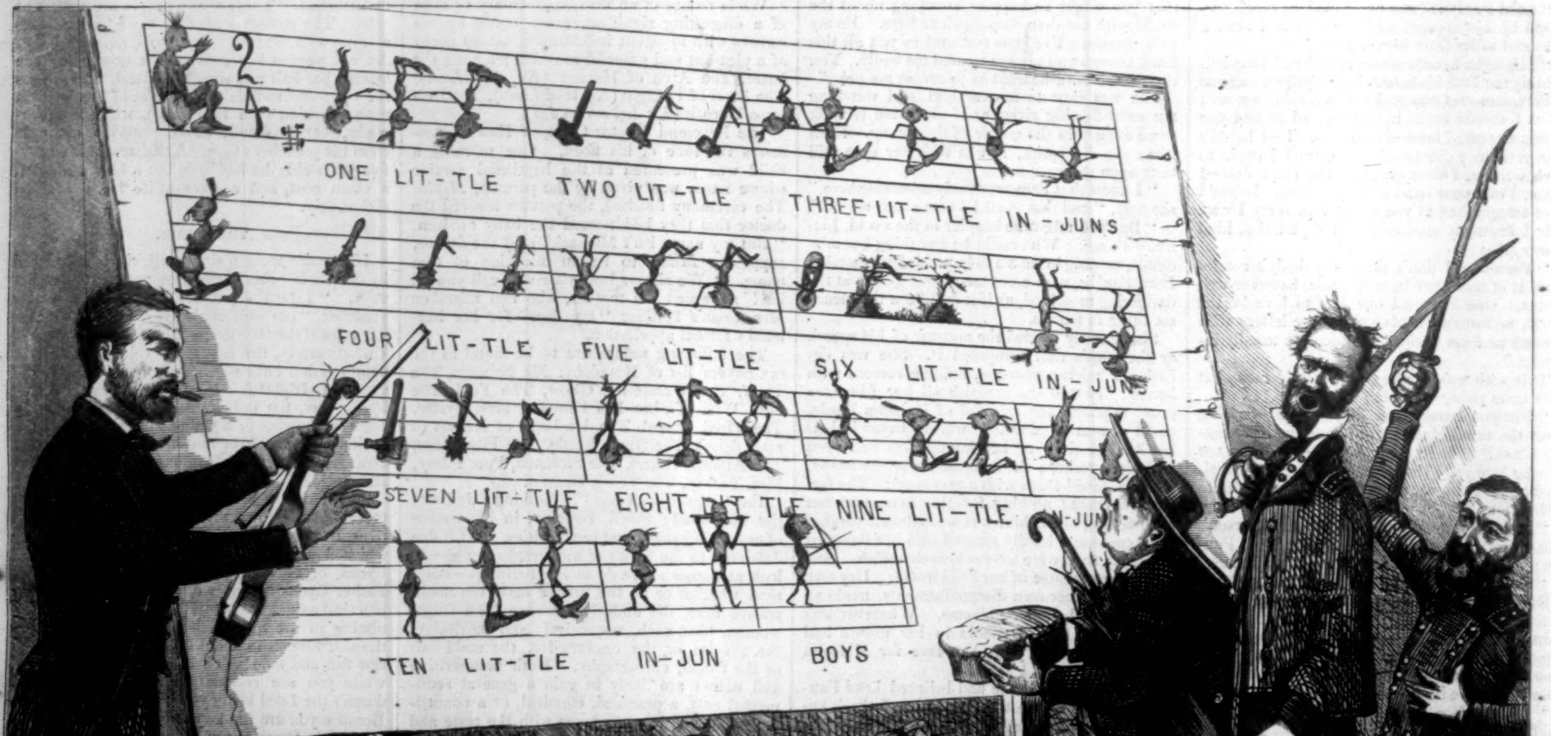
THE LAST OF THE MODOCS.

THE desertion and surrender of half his warriors seem to have broken down the courage of Captain JACK. Instead of standing at bay to the last, and selling his life as dearly as he could, in the style of the Indian of border romance, he tamely surrenders without striking another blow, and submits to fate with the sullen indifference and stolidity characteristic of his race.

His own submission was preceded by that of BOSTON CHARLEY, SCHONSHIN, and other warriors, with a number of women and children. At the time of their surrender Captain JACK had not fully made up his mind what course to pursue. He was observed sitting upon a rock in the centre of a little lava bed, a few yards back from the crest of a bluff, and seemed as lonely as his surroundings. He was wrapped in a faded army blanket, and his head was buried in his hands. His sister MARY, captured at Willow Creek the day before, talked to him with tears in her eyes, and asked that he enter our camp. He was sullen and had little to say. He did promise that he would surrender the next morning, but during the night he changed his mind and stole away. This was on the 31st of May.

The next day a scouting party, under command of Colonel PERRY, accompanied by Warm Spring Indian scouts, came upon a trail, and after following it a short time the retreat of the fugitive Modoc chief was discovered and surrounded. The troops were eager for a fight, when suddenly a Modoc shot out from the rocks with a white flag. He met a Warm Spring, and said Captain JACK wanted to surrender. Three scouts were sent to meet the redoubtable chieftain. He came out cautiously, glanced about him a moment, and then, as if giving up all hopes, came forward and held out his hand to his captors. Then two of his warriors, five squaws, and seven children darted forth and joined him in the surrender.

The scene in the camp when Colonel PERRY's command returned was indescribable. It was in the middle of the afternoon, and the troops and their officers were enjoying a pleasant siesta, from which they were roused by a series of prolonged yells and cheers. Generals DAVIS and WHEATON and the other officers and all the men rushed from the house and tents to find



AN OLD MELODY REVIVED.

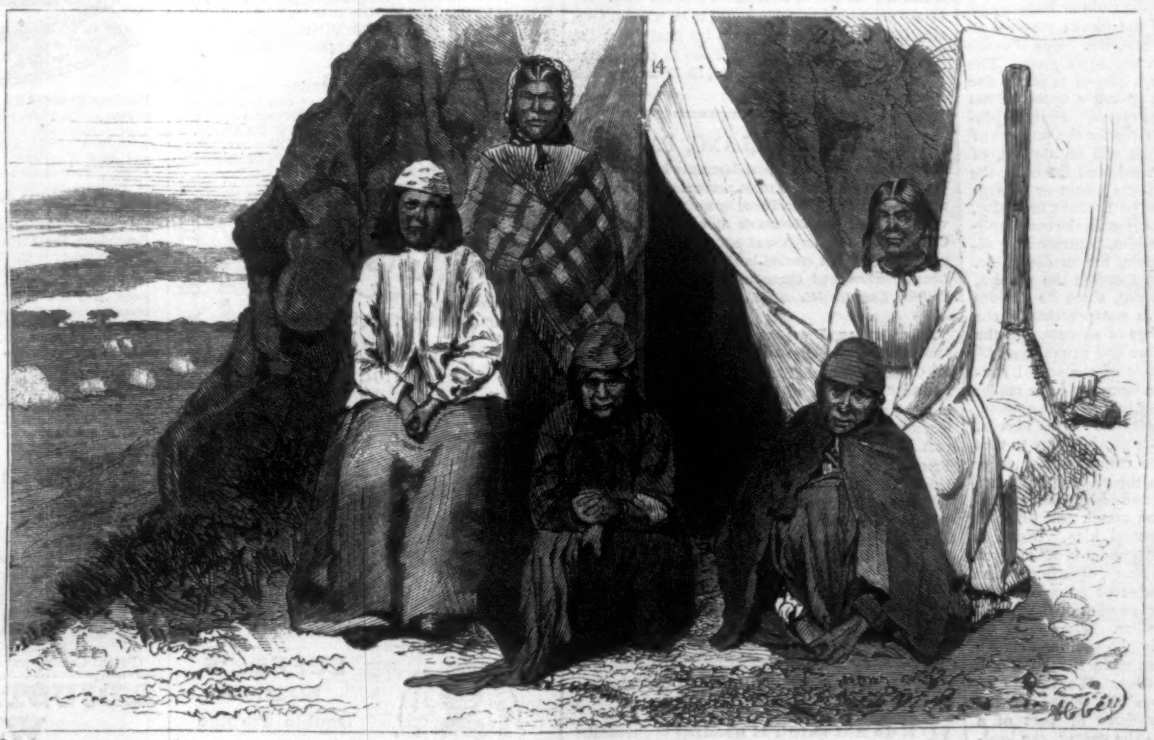
MODOC BRAVE LYING IN WAIT FOR A SHOT.

ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR AN ATTACK ON A PICKET STATION.

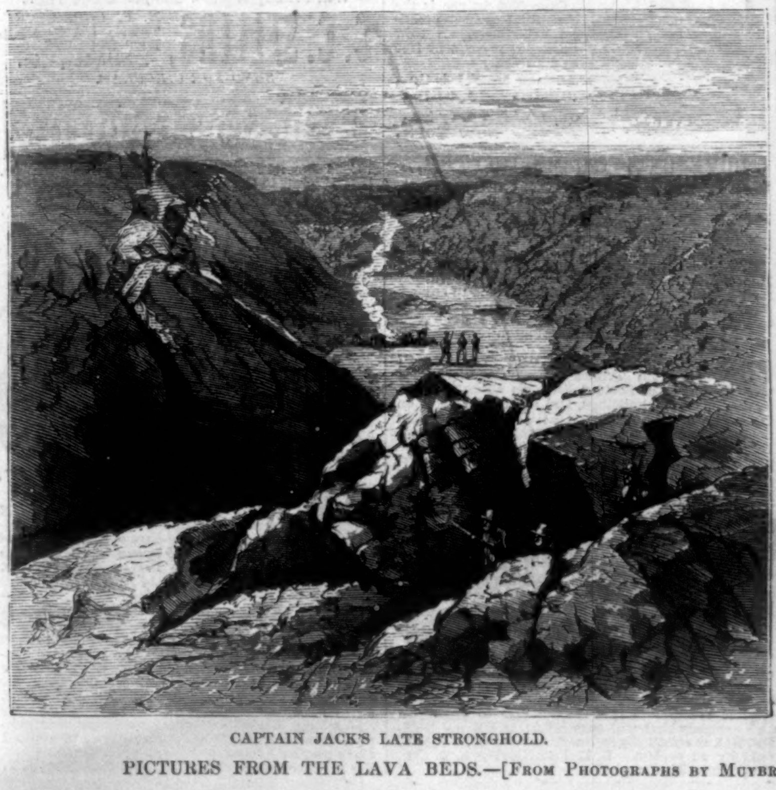
the cause of the uproar, and at once the whole camp was in commotion. Down the level plain north of the house came a cavalcade of horsemen. The steeds rushed forward at a furious rate, and soon neared the groups of spectators scattered about the premises.—"Captain Jack is captured!" shouted a sturdy sergeant. Again the valley echoed with cheers and yells, as the form of the dreaded chief was recognized among the prisoners. They were soon grouped in a field near the camp, and surrounded by a strong guard. Captain Jack is described as apparently about forty years old, with a large and well-shaped face, full of character and individuality. Even in his worn and ragged dress he looked every inch a chief, and bore himself with a proud and disdainful indifference toward his captors. He paid no attention to those who crowded about him with eager curiosity, and maintained a dogged silence when spoken to. He was mute as a statue.

Before night Captain Jack and Schonshin were ironed together, and, with the other warriors, placed in a small building under guard. Neither Captain Jack nor Schonshin spoke a word or manifested the slightest feeling. Scar-faced Charley, however, protested against the indignity in behalf of his fellow-captives, and said that none of them intended to escape, even if the opportunity offered. He obtained but little satisfaction, and retired in disgust.

What to do with the captured Modocs is now an embarrassing question. It is held by the military authorities at Washington that the Modocs could not surrender as "prisoners of war" in the sense known to nations where war is declared in accordance with constituted forms. Not having been so received, they are not entitled to consideration as prisoners of war. The orders issued to



MODOC SQUAWS.



CAPTAIN JACK'S LATE STRONGHOLD.

WARM SPRING INDIANS SCOUTING.

PICTURES FROM THE LAVA BEDS.—[From Photographs by Muybridge, furnished by the Courtesy of Bradley & Rulofson, San Francisco.]

the commanding general directly after the assassination of General CANBY and Rev. Dr. THOMAS were not to exterminate the Modocs; but it was said their conduct was such that their extermination would be justifiable, thus leaving the matter to the discretion of General DAVIS. Therefore, if he had ordered the killing of the Indians, he probably would not have been censured by superior authority. The Governor of Oregon has demanded their surrender to the civil authority of that State for trial under the indictments for murder found against them there; but there is a probability that they may be tried by court-martial.

The illustrations on page 533 are engraved from a fine series of photographs made by Mr. MUYBRIDGE, a gentleman who has no superior in his profession. They were furnished to *Harper's Weekly* through the courtesy of Messrs. BRADLEY & RULOFSON, of San Francisco.

THE WAR GAME.

THE war game is played on a map, on a large scale, of some portion of actual country, which map shows the general contour of the ground, the roads, the woods, the villages, and any other features which are likely to influence military operations. The scale used by the Prussians is one of eight inches to the mile. The blocks of metal representing the troops are made of a proportionate size, each covering the space of ground which the force of which it is the sign would occupy in reality. The metal blocks are painted of two colors—blue and red—and have conventional signs marked on them to distinguish the various arms and trains: infantry being represented by half battalions, in line, in quarter column, as skirmishers, or as sentries; cavalry in squadrons, or as patrols or vedettes; artillery in batteries, half batteries, and divisions, with their wagons and reserve ammunition columns. In addition to these we find also blocks representing a company of engineers, a pontoon train, a telegraph troop, and an equipment troop; and, further, others denoting the train or baggage of the army. The total of the blocks supplied to either side represent a complete *corps d'armée* of 31,000 men, with seventy-eight guns. The map on which the game is played is about five feet long by three wide, giving a space of ten miles by six for the manœuvres. If it be proposed to use but a small force for the purpose of the game, but two players will be needed, of whom one commands the red, and the other the blue army. If, however, the whole or a large part of the given number be brought into play, it is usual to appoint one person as the commander-in-chief, others, under him, commanding divisions, the cavalry brigade, the artillery, etc. But we must not omit to mention the umpire, who is, indeed, all-important, since he decides upon what is and what is not practicable, the chance which either side has of success, and the losses suffered by the victors and vanquished.

Before the commencement of the actual contest a general idea of the movements to be made, and the object to be gained by such movements, is issued to each of the players. This idea is, as a rule, fixed upon on the previous day to that on which the game is to commence, in order that, by studying the map, the players may learn the nature of the ground, and judge what advantages it may afford to the attack and defense. In addition to this "general idea," which is common to both sides, a "special idea" is given to the commander of each army, differing in plan as they act on the defensive or offensive, each commander being entirely ignorant of the details and orders given to the other. The blocks are then placed on the map in the positions chosen by the commanders as suitable to the object which they propose to effect. We must here mention that where, from the shape of the ground, woods, etc., any force or part of a force would be invisible to the enemy, the leader of the opposing force is not allowed to see the blocks so placed; indeed, it is usual, when such an arrangement is possible, for the opponents to be in different rooms, each with his own map, on which are placed only such portions of his enemy's force as he would in reality be able to see.

The blocks having been thus posted, the advance of either side commences. The rate of marching is settled by rules founded on actual experience, and the pieces are moved over such spaces as the men whom they represent could actually traverse in a given length of time. Each move is supposed to take two minutes; thus infantry advance two hundred paces in a move; cavalry, at a walk, also two hundred, which distance is also traversed by field-artillery in the same time. Again, infantry advancing to an attack without firing move faster; if firing, slower. If they "double," they are allowed to pass over three hundred and fifty paces in one move, but must not double more than three moves out of eight. Cavalry, again, move six hundred paces at a trot, and nine hundred at a gallop, during the two minutes, but may not gallop more than two moves out of ten. The same species of regulations apply also to the artillery, all tending to make the imitation of war a fair copy of the reality, since if infantry, for instance, had run a long distance before meeting the enemy, they would be in some disorder, much out of breath, and unfit for the actual struggle.

HOW IS THIS?—OVER 86,000,000 SEWING-MACHINES FOR 1872.—Some of the sewing-machine agents in our city have been continuously advertising the rate of increase of manufacture of their particular machine. These statements have induced us to ascertain which machine actually has the largest per cent. of increase, and we find, from the sworn statement of all the companies, that the New Under-Feed Wilson Sewing-Machine's manufacture in 1871 was an increase over 1870 of 4100 per cent., the most wonderful increase ever recorded in the world. If the Wilson manufacture increased at the same rate in 1872, they will manufacture over 86,000,000 sewing-machines this year. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

THE SELF-INKING PEARL PRINTING-PRESS.

We, for a trifling sum, impart
To all the printer's magic art.

WITH the Self-Inking Pearl Printing-Press printing is destined to be made as easy and common as writing. Every business man can be his own printer, advertising his business *ad libitum*, by cards, circulars, labels, envelopes, etc. Scholars and students in schools and colleges can make themselves not only amateur but practical printers, amusing and instructing themselves, and from the proceeds of their labor will be able to pay all their expenses. There is nothing which educates students faster in spelling, grammar, and composition than printing. It makes them possible editors and publishers.

There have been various clumsy and old-fashioned cheap presses in the market for job and amateur printers; but printing with them was a slow and unclean process, hard to learn and hard to perform. With the invention and introduction of the Self-Inking Pearl Printing-Press by GOLDING & CO., 14 Kilby Street, Boston, has come a new era in the history of the art of arts.—[*The Independent.*]

CENTAUR LINIMENT

HAS cured more wonderful cases of rheumatism, aches, pains, swellings, frost-bites, caked-breasts, burns, scalds, salt-rheum, etc., upon the human frame, and strains, spavin, galls, etc., upon animals in one year than all other pretended remedies have since the world began. The recipe of the Liniment and certificates of remarkable cures accompany each bottle, and will be sent gratis to any one. It is no humbug. There is no pain which it will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, or lameness it will not cure. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. White Wrapper for family use; the Yellow Wrapper for animals. Price 50 cents; large bottles, $1 00. J. B. ROSE & CO., 53 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

MAISON DE BLANC, PARIS.

AMONG the first-class establishments in the capital of France, I recommend most particularly to my lady readers who may go to Paris, by no means to omit a visit to the *Grande Maison de Blanc*, 6 Boulevard des Capucines. This important house contains all that good taste has yet created in the way of *Linen, Table Linen, Embroidered Curtains, Guipures, Fine Underclothing, Lace Head-dresses, Laces, Trousseaux, and Ladies' Cloaks.*

A few days ago I was one of the few privileged persons who visited the galleries of lace curtains which the Grande Maison de Blanc sends to the "*Vienna Exhibition.*" These magnificent productions were exposed in two large halls, where they were visited by the most elegant ladies of Paris, among whom I noticed a large part of the American colony. All these marvels of French manufacture, veritable artistic *chefs-d'œuvre*, have excited the admiration of the *élite* of the French society, as well as the high praise of the President of the Republic. Among the other visitors of distinction were all the princes and princesses of Orleans.—[*Exchange.*]

MOSQUITO NETS—Patent Adjustable, from $3 50 upward. Dealers supplied. G. L. KELTY & Co., 724 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE do not think it needful to discuss the very remarkable differences in principle between the old-fashioned Metal Spring Trusses and the new method of curing Rupture by The Elastic Truss, which retains the Hernia securely at all times; is worn night and day with perfect ease, and soon permanently cures the patient. Sold at a reasonable price. This New Truss is sent by mail every where by The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City, who furnish full descriptive Circulars free on application as above.

THE Best ELASTIC TRUSS, without metal springs, is POMEROY'S ELASTIC RUPTURE BELT. The best Trusses with metal springs are Pomeroy's Wire Spring; Rubber, Sponge, and Finger-Pad Trusses. For full particulars, address POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York.
Pomeroy's Trusses are the best in the world.

UNRIVALLED and alone.
CABLE SCREW WIRE
never rip, leak, or come apart. Ask for them. One pair will satisfy any one that they have no equal. Look out for the Patent Stamp.

FOR the rich with few children it may do to buy a shoe without Tips; but, for those who are blessed with little money and many children it is ruinous to buy any others than SILVER-TIPPED Shoes.

OUR NEW Practical Back FOR PIANO STOOLS.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Elegantly upholstered and plated; will fit any stool or ottoman; is self-adjustable; is endorsed by the most eminent Pianists and Physicians. State color desired, and on receipt of **$3 50** we will immediately send goods. **J. N. MORSE & CO., Gen'l Agents,** 13 Temple Place, Boston. *Special Terms to the Trade.*

ASTHMA CURED!—For circular and price, address S. C. UPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED.—Address S. C. Upham, Philadelphia.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS! JOHN P. MOORE'S SONS, 204 Broadway. Safe, cheap, accurate, destructive. ☞ Send for Circular.

TRY IT!
The STIGER Patent SKIRT, DRAWERS AND STOCKING SUPPORTER, and Skeleton Waist Combined.

The Skeleton Waist alone, for hot weather, is worth all it costs. It is highly recommended by physicians, and others who have used it.

Ask your Merchants for it. If you cannot get it, we will send single one, prepaid, for Children, on receipt of $1. For Misses and Ladies, on receipt of $1.25.

In ordering, give the length from the shoulder to the top of stocking.

AGENTS WANTED.

Send price for samples. Solicit orders, and make money.

A liberal discount to Agents and Merchants.

Cut this out and keep it.

Address
STIGER MFG. CO.
60 Warren Street.
P.O. Box 4391. NEW YORK.

RADICAL CURE OF
RUPTURE!

CHICAGO, Nov. 15, 1872.

MESSRS. BARTLETT, BUTMAN, & PARKER:

GENTLEMEN,—I see that the Medical Board of the United States Army have adopted your Common-Sense Truss as the best in use. An act of Congress required the instrument "best suited for such disability." In this I fully concur with them. During the past five or six years I have adjusted your "COMMON-SENSE TRUSS" to many ruptured patients, and with it have effected a radical cure in many cases, and have in that time examined almost every device for the cure of those injuries in this country, and have no hesitation in saying that I believe it to be the very best in use. Its ball and socket, with its other joints, enables the surgeon to fit it to the peculiarities that any case may demand.

RANSOM DEXTER, M.D.
Professor of Zoology, Anatomy, and Physiology in the University of Chicago.

Officers and Privates ruptured during the war will be furnished with these Trusses, free of charge, upon application to any of the Examining Surgeons for Pensions. BARTLETT, BUTMAN, & PARKER,
Manufacturers and Patentees,
No. 60 State Street, Cor. Randolph, Chicago, Ill.
Pamphlet sent free.

No Cords or Balances Used. For Sale by Upholsterers.

486 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.

MODELS AND TERMS Sent to the trade.

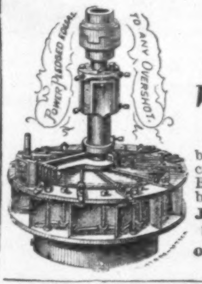
ADVANTAGE.

Every advantage to be gained in Life Insurance is secured under policies of the old

United States Life Insurance Co.

Chartered 1850. Cash assets, $4,000,000. **$124 02** cash assets to every $100 liabilities. The most favorable terms are made with successful Agents. Try us.

Apply to the UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 261-2-3 Broadway, N. Y. City.



LEFFEL'S
IMPROVED
Double Turbine
Water-Wheel.

Over 6000 in use is the best proof of their practical superiority. A New Book, 160 pages, sent free by addressing
James Leffel & Co., Springfield, Ohio; or, 109 Liberty St., New York.

LOVEJOY'S GLASS-CUTTER, WITH PUTTY-KNIFE COMBINED.

Cuts glass better than a diamond; is useful in every House, Store, or Shop; lasts a lifetime, and will pay for itself the first time used. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of 50 cents and letter stamp, by **ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,**
229 Washington St., Boston.

FOR SALE, on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, near Chattanooga, the property known as *Lookout Mountain Educational Institutions*, eleven buildings, and about fifty acres on eastern brow and slope of LOOKOUT, one of the most popular resorts for health and magnificent scenery. Easy ascent of 1400 feet above Tennessee River. Eminently suitable for a Sanitary Resort and Infirmary, for a Summer Hotel, or for a large College. For terms of sale, which are liberal, and for full particulars and description, with cut, address WILTSE & PRATT, Real Estate Agents, Chattanooga, Tenn.

TEXAN LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT
TRADE MARK
THE GENUINE AMERICAN ARTICLE

More concentrated, better, and cheaper than any other. $3 per pound. For sale every where, and by A. GLANZ, Sole Agent, 194 William St., New York.

WE DEFY THE WORLD to produce a remedy that will cure HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA as effectually as DR. R. A. WILSON'S PILLS. Sold by all dealers. B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ MUSICAL ALMANAC sent free on application.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY.

Send your address, write clearly, **and receive $1 50 worth of NEW MUSIC Free.** Also, send for SPECIMEN PAGES of the

HEADLIGHT,
The forthcoming School Song-Book.

MUSICAL GEM.

A Collection of Popular VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. 150 pages. Regular Sheet-Music Plates. ☞ Only $1 50 in Paper.

WHITE, SMITH, & PERRY,
298 & 300 Washington Street, Boston.

SWAIM'S
TRADE CELEBRATED MARK.
PANACEA

Has long attracted the notice of the most eminent physicians, by its great efficacy in curing what were considered incurable cases of disease, where the patients have been almost destroyed by ***SCROFULA***, &c., and Prof. VALENTINE MOTT, of the New York University, Professors GIBSON, DEWEES, and CHAPMAN, of Philadelphia, and many other physicians of celebrity, gave, over their own signatures, letters recommending it, and certifying to its great merits. It has been occasionally advertised, and thousands of families throughout the United States recommend and use it. The laboratory is under the direction of DR. FRANKLIN STEWART, who has devoted his attention and skill in its careful preparation during the past twenty-five years, and not a bottle put up but is worth many times its cost to the patient. It is perfectly safe for the most diseased and debilitated, and, ***IN ALL CASES WHERE THE BLOOD IS NOT PURE, IT SHOULD BE USED FREELY.***

Prepared only at SWAIM'S LABORATORY, 113 South Seventh St., below Chestnut, Philadelphia.
W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.
General Agents, 170 William Street, New York.

PROTECT your Child's Eyesight. Novelty Carriage, with Patent Adjustable Canopy.

☞ **Price $18 00.** Old Style Perambulators from $7; Central Park Swings reduced to $10; also, Velocipedes, Baby Jumpers, Leaping Horses, & Toys. Send for circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 512 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

(Patent Canopy put on any carriage.)

ADJUSTABLE WINDOW SCREENS.

Will Fit any Window and last a Life Time.

C. C. SELLERS, N. E. COR. SEVENTEENTH AND MARKET STREETS, **Philadelphia.**

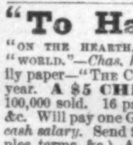
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Asbestos Roofing

Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, &c. Liberal terms to Dealers. For Sale by **H. W. JOHNS, 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.**

The "BOSS" 4th of July PISTOL.

Uses 22 Calibre
BLANK
Metal Cartridges.
The Safest Pistol ever made for boys.
Cannot be Overloaded.
Don't require a flask of loose Powder.
Will not admit a Ball Cartridge.
Sold by all Dealers. The Trade Supplied with the HERO and BOSS at same price, by
CHARLES FOLSOM, 53 Chambers St. N.Y.



PRINTING.
SELF-INKING PEARL PRESS
New and valuable invention. Every business man should have one. Presses and Outfits from $10 upwards. Send stamp for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cuts &c.
Golding & Co., 14 Kilby St., Boston.

"To Have a Cricket

"ON THE HEARTH, IS THE LUCKIEST THING IN THE "WORLD."—*Chas. Dickens.* The large illustrated family paper—"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"—only $1 a year. **A $5 CHROMO FREE.** Great success. 100,000 sold. 16 pages, crowded with freshest stories, &c. Will pay one Gen'l Agent in each county a *monthly cash salary*. Send $1 for Agent's Outfit (chromos, samples, terms, &c.) Apply *now* for territory. **We send this paper 3 mos. for 25c.** Object, to introduce. Try it. JONES & HADLEY, *Pub'rs*, 176 Broadway, N. Y.

MAHOGANY,

WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, RED & SPANISH CEDAR,

AND ALL KINDS

Hard-Wood Lumber,

IN LOGS, PLANK, BOARDS, AND VENEERS.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,

Office, Mill, and Yard, 186 to 200 Lewis St., cor. 6th, E.R.
☞ Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.
☞ Inclose 3c. stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.

ROGERS'

GROUPS OF

STATUARY.

From $10 to $25.

"The Favored Scholar,"

A New Group, Price $18.

Inclose Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to

JOHN ROGERS,

212 Fifth Ave., New York.

A GREAT OFFER! Horace Waters & Son, 481 B'way, N.Y., *will dispose of* **100 PIANOS & ORGANS** *of* **first-class makers,** *including* **WATERS',** *at* **extremely low prices for cash,** *or* **part** *cash, and balance in* **small monthly** *payments.* **New 7-Octave first-class PIANOS, all modern improvements,** *for* **$275** *cash.* *Organs* **$55, $75. DOUBLE-REED ORGANS, $100; 4-STOP, $110; 8-STOP, $125,** *and upward.*

WATERS' CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS *are the* **most beautiful** *in* **style** *and* **perfect** *in* **tone ever made.** *The* **CONCERTO STOP** *is the* **best ever placed in any Organ.** *It is produced by an extra set of reeds* **peculiarly voiced,** *the* **EFFECT** *of which is* **MOST CHARMING** *and* **SOUL-STIRRING,** *while its* **IMITATION** *of the* **HUMAN VOICE** *is* **SUPERB. Terms liberal.** *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED for one stamp. A liberal discount to Ministers, Churches, Sunday-Schools, Lodges, &c.* **AGENTS WANTED.**

THE FAMILY Cherry-Stoner.

The only practical Cherry-Stoner made. It leaves the fruit plump and round, with its juices preserved. Sold in all markets. Send $1 00 for sample.

D. H. GOODELL, Sole Manufacturer, 55 Chambers Street, N. Y. Works at Antrim, N. H.

P. S.—Also, Sole Manufacturer of Lightning and Turn-Table Apple-Parers, Lightning Peach-Parers, and Climax Apple-Corer and Slicer.

NOVELTY PRINTING-PRESSES.

The Best yet Invented FOR AMATEUR & BUSINESS PURPOSES, And Unsurpassed for General Job Printers.

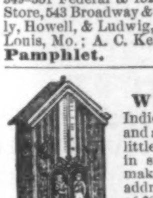
OVER 8000 IN USE.

BENJ. O. WOODS, Manufacturer,

And Dealer in Every Description of

PRINTING MATERIAL,

349-351 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston; Branch Store, 543 Broadway & 88 Mercer St., N. Y. Agents, Kelly, Howell, & Ludwig, Philadelphia; J. F. Edwards, St. Louis, Mo.; A. C. Kellogg, Chicago, Ill. **Send for Pamphlet.**



LOVEJOY'S METALLIC WEATHER HOUSES

Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by

ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,

Proprietor & Manufacturer,

229 Washington St., Boston.

Special price to dealers.

GENUINE SILVER FLUID.—With this useful compound any one can in a few minutes, without difficulty, silver-plate any article of metal, such as candle-sticks, spoons, forks, metal on horse harness, &c. Invaluable for families; old articles made new again. Genuine silver guaranteed. One Flagon, containing sufficient for a whole household, sent free to any part of the U. S., with complete instructions, for 50 cts. Agents, on high com., wanted every where. Apply to Messrs. BROWN & ECK, Sole Manufacturers, 319 Dock Street, Cor. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

For Cleansing the Teeth.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., *May 5th*, 1873.

Messrs. MORGAN & ALLEN,—*Gentlemen:* Constitution Water has done all you said it would for Diabetes. Its curative properties are most wonderful. Many thanks for the interest you have manifested, and the promptness with which you have answered all questions. If you are a parent you can fully appreciate my feelings toward you. With my best wishes for your success, I am, most respectfully yours, A. B. CORWINE.

A Sure Cure for Drunkenness.—Is harmless and can be given without detection. Call on or write to J. WELLINGTON, 41 East 28th Street, N. Y.

ROPER HOT AIR ENGINE COMPANY, 70 New Church St., N. Y.

BLAKE'S STONE AND ORE BREAKER,

For reducing to fragments all kinds of hard and brittle substances, such as **ROCKS, ORES, MINERALS, AND DRUGS.**

Extensively used for making **Concrete** for **MacAdam Roads,** Ballast for Railroads, reduction of Auriferous Quartz, pulverizing Emery Stone, preparing Iron, Copper, and Zinc Ores, &c., &c. *Twenty* prize medals awarded in Europe and America. The patent for this machine has been *fully sustained* in the Courts, after repeated and thoroughly contested suits. Those who *make, sell, or use* machines infringing on this patent do so at their own risk.

ADDRESS **THE BLAKE CRUSHER CO.,** New Haven, Conn. { **NEW YORK AGENCY, 137 Elm Street,** Where a machine may be seen in operation.

SAVE YOUR EYES,

RESTORE your SIGHT,

THROW AWAY YOUR SPECTACLES,

By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYESIGHT. Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes.

WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE. **Pamphlet of 100 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to**

DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957.)
No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City, N. Y.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	No. 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Baqsue, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old(	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51
Vol. VI.	
DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind. Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 24

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

STATE RIGHTS for Sale. Our Patent Collar; also, our **Patent Detachable Clasp Collar Button.** Send Stamp for Circular. FLATLEY & MARSON, P. O. Box 96, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH. A lady, who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to offer the recipe free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. MARY CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED

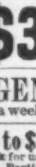
$75 to $250 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $250 per month, and expenses, or commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., *Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.*

Canvassing Books Sent Free for PROF. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK On Manhood, Womanhood, and their Mutual Inter-relations; Love, Its Laws, Power, &c.

Agents are selling from **20** to **30** copies of this work a day, and we send a canvassing book free to any Book Agent. Address, stating experience, &c., NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—BOOK AGENTS are wanted to sell popular Standard Works by subscription. Some of them, viz.: M'Clintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature; The Life of Christ; The Land and the Book;* and Tyerman's *Life of Wesley* are admirably adapted for Theological Students and others to sell during their coming vacations. The subscriber also wants energetic and successful Canvassers to sell the NEW and popular books, just published, viz.: *Farm Ballads,* by Will Carleton; *The Treaty of Washington,* by Caleb Cushing; *Santo Domingo, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti,* by Samuel Hazard; and Nordhoff's *California.* Energetic persons can make the business very lucrative. For further particulars, address

AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y.



$20 A DAY FOR MEN AND WOMEN who take the money for "THE LADIES' CASKET"—a beautiful Box with gold edges and clasp—4 by 2½ inches—Book style—contains $1 12 worth of articles of daily use. Is new—sells at sight. One sample for 60 cents, or two styles for $1 00, postpaid, with circulars. Address CITY NOVELTY CO., 1505 Pennsylvania Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

WORKING CLASS, MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with 6-cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Cortlandt St., N.Y.

ALL AGENTS, No matter what they are doing, make a mistake if they fail to write CHAS. H. TAYLOR & CO., Boston or Chicago, whose new combination beats the world. Sales immense. Profits big.

$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted every where. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN.—Most fortunate chance to make money pleasantly, respectably, surely. $50 weekly, without fail. Address for Circulars. O. F. TEMPLETON, 615 Broadway, N. Y.

$30 PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every County in the U.S. Address *Hudson River Wire Co.,* 130 Maiden Lane, N.Y., or Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS.—Address COWAN & Co., 8th St., New York, for *best* selling book published, $30 a week and expenses. **Salary** or **Commission.**

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

WANTED! Agents to sell our Rubber Stamps and other novelties. Address U. S. Manufacturing Co., 97 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

$100 Each Week.—Agents wanted. Business new and legitimate. TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau St., N.Y.

$475 A MONTH to Agents. Articles new, and staple as flour. C. M. LININGTON, Chicago.

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

$25 A DAY. Agents wanted. Business entirely new. G. G. SHAW, Biddeford, Me.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker 276 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Enough said."

ONE Good Agent wanted in every town to sell my new picture, "The Good Part." Write for terms, &c., G. E. PERINE, Pub., 66 Reade St., N. Y.

AGENTS Earn $100 Weekly. Address MYERS M'F'G Co., 209 Centre St., N. Y.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

The *Postage* on the Magazine, within the United States, is 24 cents a year; on the Weekly and Bazar, 20 cents a year, payable at the office where received. Subscribers in Canada must send 24 cents for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. When no date is specified, it is understood that the subscription for the Magazine begins with the current Volume; for the Weekly or Bazar, with the Number next after the date of the order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Fresh Summer Books

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the following works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

I.
I GO A-FISHING. By W. C. PRIME. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 50.

II.
HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Twelfth Year. With nearly 100 Maps and Plans of Cities. Large 12mo, Half Leather, Pocket-Book form, $6 00.

III.
ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1872. Edited by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, over 700 pp., Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the *Annual Record of Science and Industry for* 1871. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.)

IV.
MISS BEECHER'S HOUSEKEEPER & HEALTH-KEEPER: Containing Five Hundred Recipes for Economical and Healthful Cooking; also, many Directions for securing Health and Happiness. Approved by Physicians of all Schools. Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

V.
FARM BALLADS. By WILL CARLETON. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Beveled and Illuminated, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

VI.
THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON: Its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions Relating Thereto. By CALEB CUSHING. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

VII.
THE FISHING TOURIST: Angler's Guide and Reference Book. By CHARLES HALLOCK, Secretary of the "Blooming-Grove Park Association." Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

VIII.
TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE. By the Rev. FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

IX.
SANTO DOMINGO, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti. By SAMUEL HAZARD. Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

X.
THE STUDENT'S HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By HENRY HALLAM, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Incorporating the Author's Latest Additions and Corrections, and adapted to the Use of Students. By WM. SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D. 12mo, 747 pp., Cloth, $2 00.

XI.
HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERIC HUDSON. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

XII.
RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Illustrated with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

Uniform in style with "*THE EARTH*," by ÉLISÉE RECLUS. 8vo, Cloth $5 00.

THE NEW NOVELS OF THE SEASON

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.*

1.
WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW MAGDALEN. The New Magdalen. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Moonstone," "Man and Wife," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

2.
LONDON'S HEART. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "Grif," "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-Grass," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

3.
MURPHY'S MASTER. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "Carlyon's Year," "Cecil's Tryst," "Found Dead," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

4.
OLD KENSINGTON. By Miss THACKERAY, Author of "The Village on the Cliff," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

5.
KENELM CHILLINGLY: His Adventures and Opinions. By E. L. BULWER (Lord Lytton), Author of "Pelham," "Last of the Barons," "The Caxtons," &c. Popular Edition, 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

6.
LITTLE KATE KIRBY. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "Christie's Faith," "Mattie: a Stray," "No Man's Friend," "True to Herself," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

7.
TO THE BITTER END. By Miss M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Dead-Sea Fruit," "Birds of Prey," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

8.
GEORGE ELIOT'S MIDDLEMARCH. Middlemarch: a Study of Provincial Life. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50. Popular Edition, 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $2 00.

9.
ROBIN GRAY. By CHARLES GIBBON, "Author of "For the King," and "For Lack of Gold." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

10.
A PASSION IN TATTERS. By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Maud Mohan," "Denis Donne," "False Colors," "Played Out," "The Dower House," "Theo Leigh," "Only Herself," "Playing for High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

$40 PER WEEK **IN CASH** to AGENTS. Every thing furnished and expenses paid. A. COULTER & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

A GREAT SENSATION!—*Agents Wanted. Big Package Free. Better than Gold.* Address, at once, F. A. ELLS & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

"HIRAM, dear, how excessively rude it was in you to rise so suddenly and leave the dinner table!" (*After a pause.*) "I have brought you some fine cigars." (*Another pause.*) "Why don't you answer me, HIRAM, and come away from that horrid window?"

ENGAGED, BUT UNSOPHISTICATED DAMSEL. "ALFRED, dear, how extravagant some people are, keeping Cows when Condensed Milk is so cheap!"

BANKING HOUSE
OF
JAY COOKE & CO.
No. 20 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company having determined to close its 7-30 First-Mortgage Gold Loan at an aggregate not exceeding thirty million dollars, and thereafter to pay no higher rate of interest than 6 per cent. on further issues of its bonds, *the limited remainder of the* **7 3-10** *loan is now being disposed of* through the usual agencies.

As the bonds of this issue are made receivable in payment for the Company's lands at **1.10**, they are in constant and increasing demand for this purpose, and will continue to be after the loan is closed—a fact which much enhances their value and attractiveness as an investment.

The Company has more than 500 miles of its road built and in operation, has earned title to nearly ten million acres of its land grant, and sales of lands have thus far averaged $5 66 per acre.

All marketable securities are received in exchange for Northern Pacifics at current rates.

JAY COOKE & CO.

PARK and GARDEN ORNAMENTS.
THE
J. L. Mott Iron Works,
90 Beekman St., cor. Cliff, N. Y.

STATUARY, VASES, FOUNTAINS, and SETTEES.

The largest and most varied assortment of above in the United States. Illustrated Catalogues, 20 x 14, containing 90 pages, with Price-Lists, sent by mail on receipt of $2 00 (to be returned to purchasers).

HENRY CAPT,
Of GENEVA,
Now has a beautiful assortment of Watches and Traveling Clocks, of his own make, at
No. 23 Union Square, New York.
E. LOUPPE, Agent.

Ask your **Plumber** for the
People's Pumps,
and send for a Circular.

The **best** Force-Pumps in the market, and for **sale every where.** Prices from $10 to $30. For **Stock-yards, Farms, House, and Greenhouses.** The **Out-Door Pumps** are **Non-Freezing,** and are adjustable to wells from **6 to 100 ft.** deep.

W. S. BLUNT,
77 Beekman St., New York.
CONROY, O'CONNOR & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Agents for States & Territories west of Rocky Mountains.

"GAZE'S TOURIST GAZETTE." By Mail 10 cts. Complete details of Tourist travel in Europe, by short sea routes; programme of personally conducted TOUR TO VIENNA. To start from New York July 5th, visiting the Rhine, Bavaria, Switzerland, France, &c. **$380** the ROUND TRIP, including all expenses. "Gaze's Tourist Gazette," 6 Bowling Green, New York.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.
GRAND UNION HOTEL.
BRESLIN, GARDNER, & CO., Proprietors.

THIS famous Hotel will re-open for the coming season on June 1st, refitted and improved throughout, and adapted in every way to the comfort of guests.

No expense has been spared to make it the most comfortable and elegant, as well as the coolest, Hotel at Saratoga Springs.

The Parlors and Dining-Rooms have been elaborately frescoed, and, as well as the principal Rooms, have been refurnished in the newest and latest style.

The Bath-Rooms and Water-Closets—heretofore objectionable—have been entirely removed; and, instead, they have been placed in convenient parts of the Hotel, frimmed with Black Walnut and Maple, amply drained, and altogether finished in a manner inferior to no city establishment.

The immense Dining Hall—two hundred feet by fifty-five—as also the extensive range of Parlors, have been fitted up with Crystal Chandeliers and Reflectors, and the famous Ball-Room, with three Crystal Sunlights, will produce a brilliancy of effect that can be more easily imagined than expressed.

Mr. James H. Breslin will throughout the season be present and give his personal attention to the care and reception of all who will favor the Hotel with their patronage.

With a desire to attract as many as possible during the months of June and September, which are by far the pleasantest months of the whole season, the proprietors have determined to fix the rate of Board for those months at very reasonable rates.

A plan of the various Rooms of this extensive establishment can be seen at the Metropolitan Hotel and Gilsey House, Broadway, New York, where Rooms or Parlors, with Board, can be engaged now and at any time throughout the season.

A new and spacious Dining Hall has also been added for the special convenience of children with their attendant nurses and servants, and accessible to parents at all times, thus supplying a want in this respect which has long been needed, and which can not fail to be appreciated.

FREEMAN & BURR, CLOTHING WAREHOUSES, 138 & 140 Fulton St., N.Y.

FREEMAN & BURR have very great pleasure in inviting attention to their **New** and **Elegant Selections.** The Stock is of immense extent and variety, and from the best products of the **loom** from every part of the world. **ORDERS** for garments to measure promptly and neatly executed at **MODERATE PRICES.**

SUMMER SUITS, SUMMER SUITS, } **$10 to $40.**

SUMMER COATS, SUMMER COATS, } **$1 to $10.**

WHITE VESTS, WHITE VESTS, } **$2 to $8.**

BOYS' SUITS, BOYS' SUITS, } **$3 to $15.**

Orders By Mail.

ORDERS BY LETTER promptly filled. Our NEW SYSTEM FOR SELF-MEASURE, of which thousands avail themselves, enables parties in all parts of the country to order direct from us, with the certainty of receiving the most PERFECT FIT ATTAINABLE.

Rules for Self-Measure,
Samples of Goods, Price-Lists,
Illustrated Book of Fashions, } **Sent Free on application.**

THE
(ORIGINAL)
Continental Life Insurance Co.,
Of HARTFORD, CONN.
INCORPORATED MAY, 1862.

JAMES S. PARSONS, *President.*
ROBERT E. BEECHER, *Secretary.* H. R. MORLEY, *Actuary.*

The CONTINENTAL especially commends itself to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing *reliable and absolute insurance* at as *reasonable cost* as is consistent with *perfect security.*

☞ A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

PEERLESS
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, & Drawers.
UNION ADAMS & CO.,
637 BROADWAY.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

S.O.P. COGNAC BRANDY, Old, Mellow, Reliable, $7 per gal.; $1 50 per bot. Entire invoice secured at half its value. Reliable Wines for *sacramental purposes.* H. B. KIRK & Co., 69 Fulton St., N.Y. Established 1853.

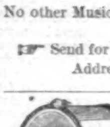
Silver-Plated Ware.
THE
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
550 Broadway, New York.
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE
ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE,
SPOONS and FORKS,
OF NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS,
TRIPLE PLATED UPON THE PARTS MOST EXPOSED TO WEAR.

☞ All goods bearing the trade-mark,
1847—ROGERS BROTHERS.—XII.
Are plated as above.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR NEW STYLES OF
PORCELAIN-LINED
ICE-PITCHERS.
THE PORCELAIN IS ENAMELED ON HARD METAL, AND CAN NOT BE BROKEN OR CRACKED BY HARD USAGE.

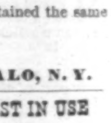
"There are many apparent advantages in these linings besides those already mentioned, such as FREEDOM FROM ODOR AND CLEANLINESS; BUT THE ABSENCE OF ANY INJURIOUS MATERIAL in the construction of this inner chamber SHOULD BE THE FIRST CONSIDERATION IN SELECTING A SAFE ICE-PITCHER FOR DAILY USE.

"S. DANA HAYES, M. D.,
"State Assayer of Massachusetts."



TRADE-MARK for Electro-plate White Metal.

TRADE-MARK for Electro-plate Nickel-silver.



Factories, WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

52,000
Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.

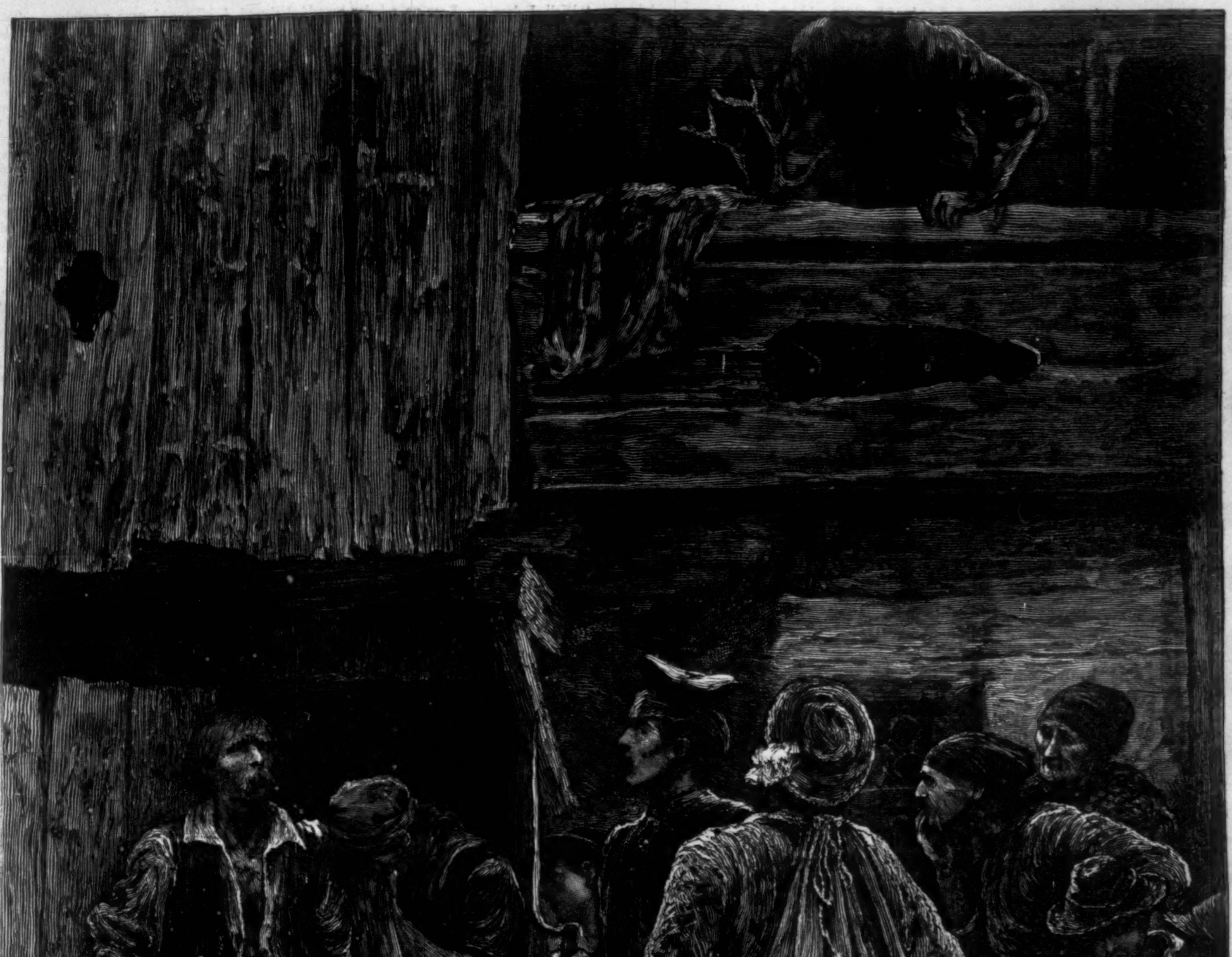
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

THE BEST IN USE
BLATCHLEY'S
HORIZONTAL
Ice Cream Freezer.

[Tingley's Patent], will produce a finer quality of Cream in less time and with less labor, than any other Freezer made. Is perfectly air-tight, and will pay the entire cost of the machine in one season in saving of ice alone. Sizes from three to forty quarts. Call and see it, or send for catalogue. CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer, **506 Commerce St., Philadelphia.**

THE TRAVELERS LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY,
HARTFORD, CONN.
Apply to any Agent, or write to the Company.

THE largest retail ready-made clothing trade in the United States, is done by Baldwin the Clothier, North East Corner of Canal St. and Broadway, New York. The sales—exclusively retail—have reached over Seventeen thousand four hundred dollars in *one* day this Summer. We say unhesitatingly that the readers of this Weekly will find this famous house the best in America for selecting Men's and Boys' clothing.



BAVARIAN PEASANT LIFE—ARREST OF A POACHER.

THE POACHER.

IN all German countries, as well as in England, the laws against poaching are very strictly enforced, and offenders, when caught and convicted, are punished with extreme severity. But the fascination of the sport, to say nothing of the necessity of providing food for the family, leads many a peasant into a violation of what he looks upon as oppressive restrictions made for the benefit of the rich and powerful, and frequent conflicts occur between the gamekeepers and those who look upon game of every kind as something created by Providence for the free use of all. This is especially the case in mountainous countries, like the Bavarian Alps, where game is abundant, and where there is every opportunity for concealment. The peasants naturally make common cause against the forester, or gamekeeper, and rarely betray each other. They regard it as no crime to offend against laws which, according to their views, violate justice by depriving them of their natural rights. The authorities, on the other hand, assert that but for the protection of these laws there would soon be no game at all in Germany, as the peasants, if allowed unrestricted liberty to kill, would clear the forests of every living creature. It is said that in Baden, in 1848, when all legal restraint was for a short time suspended by the revolution, the forests were completely cleared of deer and other game, and that it was several years before they could be restocked. Be this as it may, the laws are undoubtedly very strict, and their severity might be sensibly relaxed under conditions which would preserve the game without bearing oppressively upon the peasants.

The sketch on this page is from that romantic and picturesque region of Germany, the Bavarian Alps. It tells its own story with a great deal of pathos. The slaughtered deer, its horns just visible above the window-sill, has been traced to the house of the unlucky peasant, and now the stern gamekeeper has come, accompanied by a resolute gendarme, to arrest the offender and carry him before the village magistrate. His wife is weeping on her husband's shoulder, while the children and the older women look on with blank and mournful astonishment. "What shall he have that killed the deer?" says the old English ballad. In this instance we fear he will have to pay a heavy fine and undergo a long and dreary imprisonment, while his unfortunate family, deprived of their chief bread-winner, will be thrown into penury and distress. The prisoner looks like an honest and substantial peasant; but even should he be an idle fellow, fonder of carrying a gun than of steady labor, the wife and the children are deserving of sympathy. The gamekeeper is evidently not a man to be moved by tears. In his eyes a poacher is a far worse offender than an ordinary thief, and he is not likely to be sympathetic or lenient.

DOUBLE REDS.

SHE had one within her hair,
And another on her breast:
We two saw the moon come up,
And the sun go down the west.

She looked off across the sea.
"Sweets unto the sweet!" I said,
All the longing of my looks
Bent upon the double red

That was nested in her hair;
Kissing one, I kissed the twain.
She looked up into my face,
Half in pleasure, half in pain.

I had only kissed a pink
Lying 'mid her curls so fair;
I had only smiled, and said
It was fit for her to wear.

But her hand was in my hand—
One was flame, the other snow—
And my eyes possessed her eyes
With a "Yes!" supplanting "No!"

Ah! I had not meant to ask;
I had told myself to wait
(But you know the end when two
Linger on the beach so late).

"No! you shall not run away,
Tender, trembling little thing!"
Am I worthy to delay
This white bird upon the wing?

But the pink upon her breast
Drowned me in its deep perfume—
Drew me with the velvet glow
Of its Oriental bloom.

"Let us go!" I heard her say,
'Twixt the clock strokes telling nine;
But the flower fell from her breast—
Like a message—into mine!

"Match for me the flower, sweet,
With the other from your hair!"
I designed to ask no more,
But—her face was overfair!

"Nay, I will have all or none!"
In my hands I took her head;
Sweetest of the three, her mouth's
Darling, dainty double red!

(Continued from No. 859, page 515.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

THE key to Graham's conduct is now given: the deep sorrow that took him to the tomb of the aunt he so revered, and whose honored memory was subjected to so great a risk; the slightness of change in his expenditure and mode of life, after an inheritance supposed to be so ample; the abnegation of his political ambition; the subject of his inquiries, and the cautious reserve imposed upon them; above all, the position toward Isaura in which he was so cruelly placed.

Certainly, his first thought in revolving the conditions of his trust had been that of marriage with this lost child of Richard King's, should she be discovered single, disengaged, and not repulsive to his inclinations. Tacitly he subscribed to the reasons for this course alleged by the deceased. It was the simplest and readiest plan of uniting justice to the rightful inheritor with care for a secret important to the honor of his aunt, of Richard King himself—his benefactor—of the illustrious house from which Lady Janet had sprung. Perhaps, too, the consideration that by this course a fortune so useful to his career was secured was not without influence on the mind of a man naturally ambitious. But on that consideration he forbade himself to dwell. He put it away from him as a sin. Yet to marriage with any one else until his mission was fulfilled, and the uncertainty as to the extent of his fortune was dispelled, there interposed grave practical obstacles. How could he honestly present himself to a girl and to her parents in the light of a rich man, when in reality he might be but a poor man? How could he refer to any lawyer the conditions which rendered impossible any settlement that touched a shilling of the large sum which at any day he might have to transfer to another? Still, when once fully conscious how deep was the love with which Isaura had inspired him, the idea of wedlock with the daughter of Richard King, if she yet lived and was single, became inadmissible. The orphan condition of the young Italian smoothed away the obstacles to proposals of marriage which would have embarrassed his addresses to girls of his own rank, and with parents who would have demanded settlements. And if he had found Isaura alone on that day on which he had seen her last, he would doubtless have yielded to the voice of his heart, avowed his love, wooed her own, and committed both to the tie of betrothal. We have seen how rudely such yearnings of his heart were repelled on that last interview. His English prejudices were so deeply rooted that, even if he had been wholly free from the trust bequeathed to him, he would have recoiled from marriage with a girl who, in the ardor for notoriety, could link herself with such associates as Gustave Rameau, by habits a Bohemian, and by principles a Socialist.

In flying from Paris he embraced the resolve to banish all thought of wedding Isaura, and devote himself sternly to the task which had so sacred a claim upon him. Not that he could endure the idea of marrying another, even if the lost heiress should be all that his heart could have worshiped, had that heart been his own to give; but he was impatient of the burden heaped on him—of the fortune which might not be his, of the uncertainty which paralyzed all his ambitious schemes for the future.

Yet strive as he would—and no man could strive more resolutely—he could not succeed in banishing the image of Isaura. It was with him always; and with it a sense of irreparable loss, of a terrible void, of a pining anguish.

And the success of his inquiries at Aix-la-Chapelle, while sufficient to detain him in the place, was so slight, and advanced by such slow degrees, that it furnished no continued occupation to his restless mind. M. Renard was acute and painstaking. But it was no easy matter to obtain any trace of a Parisian visitor to so popular a Spa so many years ago. The name Duval, too, was so common, that at Aix, as we have seen at Paris, time was wasted in the chase of a Duval who proved not to be the lost Louise. At last M. Renard chanced on a house in which, in the year 1849, two ladies from Paris had lodged for three weeks. One was Madame Duval, the other Madame Marigny. They were both young, both very handsome, and much of the same height and coloring. But Madame Marigny was the handsomer of the two. Madame Duval frequented the gaming tables, and was apparently of very lively temper. Madame Marigny lived very quietly, rarely or never stirred out, and seemed in delicate health. She, however, quitted the apartment somewhat abruptly, and, to the best of the lodging-house keeper's recollection, took rooms in the country near Aix—she could not remember where. About two months after the departure of Madame Marigny, Madame Duval also left Aix, and in company with a French gentleman who had visited her much of late—a handsome man of striking appearance. The lodging-house keeper did not know what or who he was. She remembered that he used to be announced to Madame Duval by the name of M. Achille. Madame Duval had never been seen again by the lodging-house keeper after she had left. But Madame Marigny she had once seen, nearly five years after she had quitted the lodgings—seen her by chance at the railway station, recognized her at once, and accosted her, offering her the old apartment. Madame Marigny had, however, briefly replied that she was only at Aix for a few hours, and should quit it the same day.

The inquiry now turned toward Madame Marigny. The date in which the lodging-house keeper had last seen her coincided with the year in which Richard King had met Louise. Possibly, therefore, she might have accompanied the latter to Aix at that time, and could, if found, give information as to her subsequent history and present whereabouts.

After a tedious search throughout all the environs of Aix, Graham himself came, by the merest accident, upon the vestiges of Louise's friend. He had been wandering alone in the country round Aix, when a violent thunder-storm drove him to ask shelter in the house of a small farmer, situated in a field, a little off the by-way which he had taken. While waiting for the cessation of the storm, and drying his clothes by the fire in a room that adjoined the kitchen, he entered into conversation with the farmer's wife, a pleasant, well-mannered person, and made some complimentary observation on a small sketch of the house in water-colors that hung upon the wall. "Ah," said the farmer's wife, "that was done by a French lady who lodged here many years ago. She drew very prettily, poor thing."

"A lady who lodged here many years ago—how many?"

"Well, I guess somewhere about twenty."

"Ah, indeed! Was it a Madame Marigny?"

"*Bon Dieu!* That was indeed her name. Did you know her? I should be so glad to hear she is well and—I hope—happy."

"I do not know where she is now, and am making inquiries to ascertain. Pray help me. How long did Madame Marigny lodge with you?"

"I think pretty well two months; yes, two months. She left a month after her confinement."

"She was confined here?"

"Yes. When she first came I had no idea that she was *enceinte*. She had a pretty figure, and no one would have guessed it, in the way she wore her shawl. Indeed, I only began to suspect it a few days before it happened, and that was so suddenly that all was happily over before we could send for the *accoucheur*."

"And the child lived? A girl or a boy?"

"A girl—the prettiest baby."

"Did she take the child with her when she went?"

"No; it was put out to nurse with a niece of my husband's who was confined about the same time. Madame paid liberally in advance, and continued to send money half yearly, till she came herself and took away the little girl."

"When was that?—a little less than five years after she had left it?"

"Why, you know all about it, monsieur; yes, not quite five years after. She did not come to see me, which I thought unkind, but she sent me, through my niece-in-law, a real gold watch and a shawl. Poor dear lady—for lady she was all over—with proud ways, and would not bear to be questioned. But I am sure she was none of your French light ones, but an honest wife like myself, though she never said so."

"And have you no idea where she was all the five years she was away, or where she went after reclaiming her child?"

"No, indeed, monsieur."

"But her remittances for the infant must have been made by letters, and the letters would have had postmarks?"

"Well, I dare say, I am no scholar myself. But suppose you see Marie Hubert—that is my niece-in-law; perhaps she has kept the envelopes."

"Where does Madame Hubert live?"

"It is just a league off by the short path; you can't miss the way. Her husband has a bit of land of his own, but he is also a carrier—'Max Hubert, carrier,' written over the door, just opposite the first church you get to. The rain has ceased, but it may be too far for you to-day."

"Not a bit of it. Many thanks."

"But if you find out the dear lady and see her, do tell her how pleased I should be to hear good news of her and the little one."

Graham strode on under the clearing skies to the house indicated. He found Madame Hubert at home, and ready to answer all questions; but, alas! she had not the envelopes. Madame Marigny, on removing the child, had asked for all the envelopes or letters, and carried them away with her. Madame Hubert, who was as little of a scholar as her aunt-in-law was, had never paid much attention to the postmarks on the envelopes, and the only one that she did remember was the first, that contained a bank-note, and that postmark was "Vienna."

"But did not Madame Marigny's letters ever give you an address to which to write with news of her child?"

"I don't think she cared much for her child, monsieur. She kissed it very coldly when she came to take it away. I told the poor infant that that was her own mamma, and madame said, 'Yes, you may call me maman,' in a tone of voice which—well, not at all like that of a mother. She brought with her a little bag which contained some fine clothes for the child, and was very impatient till the child had got them on."

"Are you quite sure it was the same lady who left the child?"

"Oh, there is no doubt of that. She was certainly *très belle*, but I did not fancy her as aunt did. She carried her head very high, and looked rather scornful. However, I must say she behaved very generously."

"Still you have not answered my question whether her letters contained no address."

"She never wrote more than two letters. One inclosing the first remittance was but a few lines, saying that if the child was well and thriving, I need not write; but if it died or became dangerously ill, I might at any time write a line to Madame M——, *Poste Restante*, Vienna. She was traveling about, but the letter would be sure to reach her sooner or later. The only other letter I had was to apprise me that she was coming to remove the child, and might be expected in three days after the receipt of her letter."

"And all the other communications from her were merely remittances in blank envelopes?"

"Exactly so."

Graham, finding he could learn no more, took his departure. On his way home, meditating the new idea that his adventure that day suggested, he resolved to proceed at once, accompanied by M. Renard, to Munich, and there learn what particulars could be yet ascertained respecting those certificates of the death of Louise Duval, to which (sharing Richard King's very natural belief that they had been very skillfully forged) he had hitherto attached no importance.

CHAPTER VII.

No satisfactory result attended the inquiries made at Munich, save, indeed, this certainty—the certificates attesting the decease of some person calling herself Louise Duval had not been forged. They were indubitably genuine. A lady bearing that name had arrived at one of the principal hotels late in the evening, and had there taken handsome rooms. She was attended by no servant, but accompanied by a gentleman, who, however, left the hotel as soon as he had seen her lodged to her satisfaction. The books of the hotel still retained the entry of her name—Madame Duval, *Française rentière*. On comparing the handwriting of this entry with the letter from Richard King's first wife, Graham found it differ; but then it was not certain, though probable, that the entry had been written by the alleged Madame Duval herself. She was visited the next day by the same gentleman who had accompanied her on arriving. He dined and spent the evening with her. But no one at the hotel could remember what was the gentleman's name, nor even if he were announced by any name. He never called again. Two days afterward Madame Duval was taken ill; a doctor was sent for, and attended her till her death. This doctor was easily found. He remembered the case perfectly—congestion of the lungs, apparently caused by cold caught on her journey. Fatal symptoms rapidly manifested themselves, and she died on the third day from the seizure. She was a young and handsome woman. He had asked her during her short illness if he should not write to her friends—if there were no one she would wish to be sent for. She replied that there was only one friend, to whom she had already written, and who would arrive in a day or two. And on inquiring, it appeared that she had written such a letter, and taken it herself to the post on the morning of the day she was taken ill.

She had in her purse not a large sum, but money enough to cover all her expenses, including those of her funeral, which, according to the law in force at the place, followed very quickly on her decease. The arrival of the friend to whom she had written being expected, her effects were, in the mean while, sealed up. The day after her death a letter arrived for her, which was opened. It was evidently written by a man, and apparently by a lover. It expressed an impassioned regret that the writer was unavoidably prevented returning to Munich so soon as he had hoped, but trusted to see his dear *bouton de rose* in the course of the following week; it was only signed Achille, and gave no address. Two or three days after a lady, also young and handsome, arrived at the hotel, and inquired for Madame Duval. She was greatly shocked at hearing of her decease. When sufficiently recovered to bear being questioned as to Madame Duval's relations and position, she appeared confused; said, after much pressing, that she was no relation to the deceased; that she believed Madame Duval had no relation with whom she was on friendly terms, at least she had never heard her speak of any; and that her own acquaintance with the deceased, though cordial, was very recent. She could or would not give any clew to the writer of the letter signed Achille, and she herself quitted Munich that evening, leaving the impression that Madame Duval had been one of those ladies who, in adopting a course of life at variance with conventional regulations, are repudiated by their relations, and probably drop even their rightful names.

Achille never appeared; but a few days after a lawyer at Munich received a letter from another at Vienna requesting, in compliance with a client's instructions, the formal certificates of Louise Duval's death. These were sent as directed, and nothing more about the ill-fated woman was heard of. After the expiration of the time required by law the seals were removed from the effects, which consisted of two *malles* and a dressing-case. But they only contained the articles appertaining to a lady's wardrobe or toilet. No letters—not even another note from Achille—no clew, in short, to the family or antecedents of the deceased. What then had become of these effects no one at the hotel could give a clear or satisfactory account. It was said by the mistress of the hotel, rather sullenly, that they had, she supposed, been sold by her predecessor, and by order of the authorities, for the benefit of the poor.

If the lady who had represented herself as Louise Duval's acquaintance had given her own name, which doubtless she did, no one recollected it. It was not entered in the books of the hotel, for she had not lodged there; nor did it appear that she had allowed time for formal examination by the civil authorities. In fact, it was clear that poor Louise Duval had been considered as an adventuress by the hotel-keeper and the medical attendant at Munich; and her death had excited so little interest that it was strange that even so many particulars respecting it could be gleaned.

After a prolonged but fruitless stay at Munich, Graham and M. Renard repaired to Vienna; there, at least, Madame Marigny had given an address, and there she might be heard of.

At Vienna, however, no research availed to discover a trace of any such person, and in despair Graham returned to England in the January of 1870, and left the further prosecution of his inquiries to M. Renard, who, though obliged to transfer himself to Paris for a time, promised that he would leave no stone unturned for the discovery of Madame Marigny; and Graham trusted to that assurance when M. Renard, rejecting half of the large gratuity offered him, added, "*Je suis Française*; this with me has ceased to be an affair of money; it has become an affair that involves my *amour propre*."

CHAPTER VIII.

IF Graham Vane had been before caressed and courted for himself, he was more than ever appreciated by polite society, now that he added the positive repute of wealth to that of a promising intellect. Fine ladies said that Graham Vane was a match for any girl. Eminent politicians listened to him with a more attentive respect, and invited him to select dinner-parties. His cousin the duke urged him to announce his candidature for the county, and purchase back, at least, the old *Stamm-schloss*. But Graham obstinately refused to entertain either proposal, continued to live as economically as before in his old apartments, and bore with an astonishing meekness of resignation the unsolicited load of fashion heaped upon his shoulders. At heart he was restless and unhappy. The mission bequeathed to him by Richard King haunted his thoughts like a spectre not to be exorcised. Was his whole life to be passed in the weary sustainment of an imposture which in itself was gall and wormwood to a nature constitutionally frank and open? Was he forever to appear a rich man and live as a poor one? Was he till his death-bed to be deemed a sordid miser whenever he refused a just claim on his supposed wealth, and to feel his ambition excluded from the objects it earnestly coveted, and which he was to appear too much of an Epicurean philosopher to prize?

More torturing than all else to the man's innermost heart was the consciousness that he had not conquered, could not conquer, the yearning love with which Isaura had inspired him, and yet that against such love all his reasonings, all his prejudices, more stubbornly than ever were combined. In the French newspapers which he had glanced over while engaged in his researches in Germany—nay, in German critical journals themselves—he had seen so many notices of the young author—highly eulogistic, it is true, but which to his peculiar notions were more offensive than if they had been sufficiently condemnatory of her work to discourage her from its repetition—motives which seemed to him the supreme impertinences which no man likes exhibited toward the woman to whom he would render the chivalrous homage of respect. Evidently this girl had become as much public property as if she had gone on the stage. Minute details of her personal appearance—of the dimples on her cheek—of the whiteness of her arms—of her peculiar way of dressing her hair—anecdotes of her from childhood (of course invented, but how could Graham know that?)—of the reasons why she had

adopted the profession of author instead of that of the singer—of the sensation she had created in certain *salons* (to Graham, who knew Paris so well, *salons* in which he would not have liked his wife to appear)—of the compliments paid to her by *grands seigneurs* noted for their *liaisons* with ballet-dancers, or by authors whose genius soared far beyond the *flammantia mœnia* of a world confined by respect for one's neighbors' landmarks—all this, which belongs to ground of personal gossip untouched by English critics of female writers—ground especially favored by Continental and, I am grieved to say, by American journalists—all this, all this was to the sensitive Englishman much what the minute inventory of Egeria's charms would have been to Numa Pompilius. The nymph, hallowed to him by secret devotion, was vulgarized by the noisy hands of the mob, and by the popular voices, which said, "We know more about Egeria than you do." And when he returned to England, and met with old friends familiar to Parisian life, who said, "Of course you have read the Cicogna's *roman*. What do you think of it? Very fine writing, I dare say, but above me. I go in for *Les Mystères de Paris* or *Monte Christo*. But I even find George Sand a bore"—then as a critic Graham Vane fired up, extolled the *roman* he would have given his ears for Isaura never to have written, but retired from the contest muttering only, "How can I—I, Graham Vane—how can I be such an idiot—how can I in every hour of the twenty-four sigh to myself, 'What are other women to me?—Isaura, Isaura!'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN HER GARDEN.

AMONG her flowers moveth she,
She fairest flower of all to me!
I sit and watch the light feet go
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Till every drooping bud and flower
Uprises 'neath the mimic shower.

The roses on the garden wall
She trains—far sweeter than them all!
The lily, graceful though it be,
Hath less of grace by far than she!
A very queen she is, and yet
As humble as her mignonette.

Ah, well! I am content to sit
And watch her through the garden flit—
Content e'en with the flowers to share
Her loving smile and tender care,
Since now and then she turns in glee,
And throws a loving kiss to me!

THREE BOTTLES OF CLARET.*

THE Major sat looking into the fire; for though it was August, we had bright wood fires in the evenings, as we often do at the Profile House. He looked very steadily at the coals on the hearth, shivered once as if he were cold, bolted two glasses of claret in quick succession, and I waited, confident that I should hear his story at last. Soon he began to talk.

"Draw your chair close up. Light another pipe, and fill your glass. It is a cold night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the trees. Capital claret, that! John, come in here. Open another bottle of claret, John. What, not another! Certainly, man, I must have it. This is only the second, and Mr. —— has drank half, of course. Not drank any! You don't mean to say that he has been drinking nothing all the blessed evening? Effendi, I thought you knew my rules better than that. But you always would have your own way.

"One more bottle, John—but one. It shall be the last; and, John, get some Maraschino—one of the thick, black bottles with the small necks, and open it. But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

"How the wind howls! My boy, I am seventy-three years old, and seven days over. My birthday was a week ago to-day.

"An old bachelor! Yea, verily. One of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you think I am any older in my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think, because my blood flows slower, that my mind thinks more slowly, my feelings spring up less freely, my hopes are less buoyant, less cheerful, if they look forward only weeks instead of years? I tell you, boy, that seventy years are a day in the sweep of memory; and 'once young forever young' is the motto of an immortal soul. I know I am what men call old; I know my cheeks are wrinkled like parchment, and my lips are thin, and my head gray even to silver. But in my soul I feel that I am young, and I shall be young till the earthly ceases and the unearthly and eternal begins.

"I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that has been one day—one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked any advance.

"I have been living forty years by the light of one memory—by the side of one grave.

"John, set the bottle down on the hearth. You may go. You need not sit up for me. We will see each other to bed to-night. Go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

"She was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heaven—her brow white, calm, and holy—her lips wreathed with the blessing of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through the scenes around her as you have seen the angelic visitors of your slumber move through crowded assemblies, without effort, apparently with some superhuman aid.

"She was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood. It was a grand old place, built in the midst of a growth of oaks that might have been there when Columbus discovered America, and seemed likely to stand a century longer. They are standing yet, and the wind to-night makes a wild lament through their branches.

"I recall the scenery of the familiar spot. There was a stream of water that dashed down the rocks a hundred yards from the house, and which kept always full and fresh an acre of pond, over which hung willows and maples and other trees, while on the surface the white blossom of the lotus nodded lazily on the ripples with Egyptian sleepiness and languor.

"The old house was built of dark stone, and had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine seldom penetrated to the ground in the summer months, except in one spot, just in front of the library windows, where it used to lie and sleep in the grass, as if it loved the old place. And if sunshine loved it, why should not I?

"General Lewis was one of the pleasant, old-fashioned men, now quite gone out of memory, as well as out of existence. He loved his horses, his dogs, his house, his punch. He loved his nephew Tom, uncouth, rough cub that he was; but above horses, dogs, house, or all together, he loved his daughter Sarah, and I loved her too.

"Yes, you may look at me as you will, I loved Sarah Lewis; and, by all the gods, I love her now as I loved her then; and as I shall love her if I meet her again.

"Call it folly, call it boyish, call it an old man's whim, an old man's second childhood, I care not by what name you call it; it is enough that to-night the image of that young girl stands before me splendidly beautiful in all the holiness of her young glad life, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her now again.

"Why did I say again? For forty years I have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to pray in the morning, she passes between me and God. If I would read the prayers at evening twilight, she looks up at me from the page. If I would worship on a Sabbath morning in the church, she looks down on me from some unfathomable distance, some unapproachable height, and I pray to her as if she were my hope, my heaven.

"Sometimes in the winter nights I feel a coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are feeling about my heart, as if to grasp and still it. I lie calmly, quietly, and I think my hour is at hand; and through the gloom, and through the mists and films that gather over my vision, I see her afar off, still the same angel in the distant heaven, and I reach out my arms to her, and I cry aloud on God to let me go find her, and on her to come to me, and then thick darkness settles on me.

"The doctor calls this apoplexy, and says I shall some day die in a fit of it. What do doctors know of the tremendous influences that are working on our souls? He, in his scientific stupidity, calls it a disease, and warns me against wine and high living, as if I did not understand what it is, and why my vision at such times reaches so very far into the deep unknown.

"I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her cousin. Rumor said he was the old man's heir in equal proportion with the daughter; for he had been brought up in the family, and had always been treated as a son. He was a good fellow, if he was rough, for he had the goodness that all who came within her influence must have.

"I have seen her look the devil out of him often. I remember once when the horses had behaved in a way not to suit him, and he had let an oath or two escape his lips preparatory to putting on the whip. We were riding together down the avenue, and he raised the lash. At the moment he caught her eye. She was walking up from the lodge, where she had been to see a sick child. She saw the raised whip, and her eye caught his. He did not strike. The horses escaped for that time. He drove them quietly through the gate, and three miles and back without a word of anger.

"Did I tell you I was her cousin also? A second cousin on her mother's side, not on the General's. We lived not far off, and I lived much of my time at his house. Tom and myself had been inseparable, and we did not conceal our rivalry from each other.

"'Tom,' said I, one morning, 'why can't you be content with half the General's fortune, and let me have the other half?'

"'Bah! Jerry,' said he, 'as if that would be any more even, when you want Sarah with it. In Heaven's name, take the half of the money, if that's all you want.'

"'Can't we fix it so as to make an even division, Tom? Take all the fortune, and let me have her, and I'll call it square.'

"'Just what I was going to propose to you. Be reasonable now, Jerry, and get out of the way. You must see she doesn't care a copper for you.'

"I twirled a rose-bud in my fingers that she had given me that morning, and replied—

"'Poor devil! I did not think you could be so infatuated. Why, Tom, there is no chance for you under the sun. But go ahead; find it out as you will. I'm sorry for you.'

"A hundred such talks we used to have, and she never gave either of us one particle more of encouragement than the other. She was like a sister to us both, and neither dared to break the spell of our perfect happiness by asking her to be more.

"And so time passed on.

"One summer afternoon we were off together on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were returning, toward sunset, sauntering along the road down the side of the hill.

"Philip, stir the fire a little. That bottle of claret is rather cold, it seems to me, or I am a little chilly myself. Perhaps it is the recollection of that day that chills me.

"I had made up my mind, if opportunity occurred, to tell her that day all that I had thought for years. I had determined to know, once for all, if she would love me or no.

"If not, I would go, I cared not where; the world was broad enough, and it should be to some place where I should never see her face again, never hear her voice again, never bow down and worship her magnificent beauty again. I would go to Russia and offer myself to the Czar, or to Syria and join the Druses, or to India, China, any where to fight. All my notions were military, I remember, and all my ideas were of war and death on the field.

"I rode by her side, and looked up at her occasionally, and thought she was looking splendidly. I had never seen her more so. Every attitude was grace, every look was life and spirit.

"Tom clung close to her. One would have thought he was watching the very opportunity I was after myself. Now he rode a few paces forward, and as I was catching my breath to say 'Sarah,' he would rein up and fall back to his place, and I would make some flat remark that made me seem like a fool to myself, if not to her.

"'What's the matter with you, Jerry?' said she at length.

"'Jerry's in love,' said Tom.

"I could have thrashed him on the spot.

"'In love! Jerry in love!' and she turned her large brown eyes toward me.

"In vain I sought to fathom them, and arrive at some conclusion whether or no the subject interested her with special force.

"The eyes remained fixed, till I blundered out the old saw, 'Tom judges others by himself.'

"Then the eyes turned to Tom, and he pleaded guilty by his awkward looks, and half blushes, and averted eyes, and forced laugh.

"'By Heaven!' thought I, 'what would I not give for Tom's awkwardness now! The scoundrel is winning his way by it.'

"'Jerry, is Tom in love?'

"The *naïveté* of the question, the correctness of it, the very simplicity of the thing was irresistible, and I could not repress a smile that grew into a broad laugh. Tom joined in it, and we made the woods ring with our merriment.

"'I say, Tom, isn't that your whip lying back yonder in the road?'

"'Confound it, yes; the cord has broken from my wrist;' and he rode back for it.

"'Jerry, whom does Tom love?' said she, quickly, turning to me.

"'You,' said I, bluntly.

"'Why, of course; but who is he in love with, I mean?'

"It was a curious way to get at it. Could I be justified? It was not asking what I had intended, but it was getting at it in another way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at all events, asking Tom's question for him, and it saved me the embarrassment of putting it as my own. I determined this in an instant.

"'Sarah, could you love Tom well enough to marry him?'

"'I, Jerry! what do you mean?'

"'Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?'

"'I don't know—I can't tell—I never thought of such a thing. You don't think he has any such idea, do you?'

"That was my answer. It was enough as far as it went, but I was no better off than before. She did not love Tom, or she would never have answered thus. But did she love me? Would she marry me? Wouldn't she receive the idea in just the same way?

"I looked back. Tom was on the ground, had picked up his whip, and had one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount again. I gulped down my heart that was up in my throat, and spoke out—

"'Sarah, will you marry me?'

"Philip, she turned her eyes again toward me—those large brown eyes, those holy eyes—and blessed me with their unutterably glorious gaze. To my dying hour I shall not forget that gaze; to all eternity it will remain in my soul. She looked at me one look; and whether it was pity, sorrow, surprise, or love, I can not tell you, that filled them and overflowed toward me from out their immeasurable depths; but, Philip, it was the last light of those eyes I ever saw—the last, the last.

"Is there any thing left in that bottle? Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish it. My story is nearly ended, and I will not keep you up much longer.

"We had not noticed, so absorbed had we been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud had risen in the west and obscured the sun, and covered the entire sky; and even the sultry air had not called our attention to the coming thunder-storm.

"As she looked at me, even as she fixed her eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce, fell on the top of a pine-tree by the road-side, not fifty yards from us, and the crash of the thunder shook the foundations of the hills.

"For a moment all was dazzling, burning, blazing light; then sight was gone, and a momentary darkness settled on our eyes. The horses crouched to the ground in terror, and Sarah bowed her head as if in the presence of God.

"All this was the work of an instant, and the next, Tom's horse sprang by us on a furious gallop, dragging Tom by the stirrup. He had been in the act of mounting when the flash came, and his horse swerved and jumped so that his foot caught, and he was dragged with his head on the ground.

"There was a point in the road, about fifty yards ahead, where it divided into two. The one was the carriage-track, which wound down the mountain by easy descents; the other was a foot-path, which was a short, precipitous cut to a point on the carriage-road nearly a quarter of a mile below.

"Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait, I drove the spurs into my horse, and went down the steep path. Looking back, I saw her following, her horse making tremendous speed. She kept the carriage-road, following on after Tom, and I pressed on, thinking to intercept his horse below.

"The pace was terrible. I could hear them thundering down the track above. I looked up and caught sight of them through the trees. I looked down, and saw a gully before me full eighteen feet wide and as many deep.

"A great horse was that black horse Cæsar, and he took the gully at a flying leap that landed us far over it, and a moment later I was at the point where the roads again met, but only in time to see the other two horses go by at a furious pace, Sarah's abreast of the gray, and she reaching her hand out, bravely trying to grasp the flying rein, as her horse went leap for leap with him.

"To ride close behind them was worse than useless in such a case. It would but serve to increase their speed; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

"At the foot of the mountain the river ran, broad and deep, spanned by the bridge at the narrowest point. To reach the bridge, the road took a short turn up stream, directly on the bank.

"On swept the gray and the black horse, side by side, down the hill-side, not fifty leaps along the level ground, and then came the turn.

"She was on the off-side. At the sharp turn she pressed ahead a half-length and reined her horse across the gray's shoulder, if possible to turn him up toward the bridge.

"It was all over in an instant. The gray was the heavier horse. He pressed her close; the black horse yielded, gave way toward the fence, stumbled, and the fence, a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went over, all together into the deep black stream.

"Still, still the sound of that crash and plunge is in my ears. Still I can see them go headlong down that bank together into the black water!

"I never knew exactly what I did then. When I was conscious I found myself swimming around in a circle, diving occasionally to find them, but in vain. The gray horse swam ashore and stood on the bank by my black, with distended nostrils and trembling limbs, shaking from head to foot with terror. The other black horse was floating down the surface of the stream, drowned. His mistress was nowhere visible, and Tom was gone also.

"I found her at last.

"Yes, she was dead!

"Restore her? No. A glance at her face showed how vain all such hope was. Never was human face so angelic. She was already one of the saintly—one of the immortals—and the beauty and glory of her new life had left some faint likeness of itself on the dead form and face.

"I said I had never grown a day older since that time. You know now why. I have never ceased to think of her as on that day. I have never lost the blessing of those eyes as they looked on me in the forest on the mountain road. I have never left her, never grown away from her. If, in the resurrection, we are to resume the bodies most exactly fitted to represent our whole lives; if, as I have sometimes thought, we shall rise in the forms we wore when some great event stamped our souls forever, then I am certain that I shall awake in form and feature as I was that day, and no memorial will remain of an hour of my life after her burial.

"We buried her in the old vault close by the house, among the oaks. Beautiful to the very last.

"My voice is broken. I can not talk any more. You have the story. That is the whole of it. God bless you, my boy. You have listened—patiently—to—my—talk.

"Good-night. Go to bed. I'll stay here in this chair a while. I don't—exactly—feel—like—sleeping—just yet."

I left him sitting there; his head bowed on his breast, his eyes closed, his breathing heavy. My own eyes were misty.

In the hall I found John, sitting bolt upright in a large chair.

"Why, John, I thought the Major sent you to bed long ago?"

"Yes, Sir; the Major always sends me to bed at the third bottle, Sir, and I always doesn't go. He's been a-telling you the old story, now hasn't he, Sir?"

"What old story, John?"

"Why, all about Miss Lewis, and Mister Tom, and the General?"

"Yes."

John laid his long black finger knowingly up by the side of his nose, and looked at me.

"Why, John—you don't mean to say—eh?"

"All the claret, Sir."

"What! Sarah and the black horse and—"

"All claret, Sir."

"John, my man, go in and take care of him. He is either asleep or drunk. Curious that! Why didn't I think that a man was hardly to be believed after the second bottle, and perfectly incredible on the third. By Jove! he is a trump at a story, though."

It would be difficult to describe all that I dreamed about that night.

* From *I Go A-Fishing*, by WILLIAM C. PRIME, a delightful volume of summer reading, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

A SWIMMING BATH ON THE [illegible]NE, AT [illegible]

AT PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

A PARISIAN SWIMMING BATH.

THE double-page illustration which forms so attractive a feature of this Supplement shows the interior of a swimming bath on the Seine, at Paris. It offers a remarkably picturesque *coup d'œil*. Crowds of bathers in long flowing wrappers pace the galleries, smoking cigars and cigarettes, with an air of Oriental nonchalance. The establishment is roofless; the architectural features are copied from the arabesques of the Spanish Alhambra. The bath itself is 200 yards long. An elegant bridge separates the shallow portion from that reserved for expert swimmers. At one end are the spring-board and the great *Giraffe*—so called from its elevation and shape—which is simply a narrow platform accessible by a winding staircase, from which expert divers make their headlong leaps.

The establishment shown in the illustration is called the "Bains Deligny." It is the rendezvous of the swells, or rather of the *caleçons rouges*, as the habitués call themselves, red drawers being the insignia of excellence in the art. Whoever assumes the red drawers is expected to do something extraordinary in the way of diving, such as turning a double somersault from the *Giraffe*, inventing some novel dive, or making himself otherwise conspicuous, under penalty of reprobation from the spectators.

The bains have their regular hours. The only time when one can enjoy a thorough "stretch-out" is between seven and eight in the morning. Nine is the hour for those who go to see friends, and parade about in a cool white *toga*, more than to enjoy a plunge and swim. Many Parisians spend the whole day there. An excellent café and restaurant afford means of refreshment, and the fare is said to be equal to that of any restaurant in Paris. At twelve the *caleçons rouges* appear; at two, the collegians, school-boys, and foreigners of all nationalities; at three, elderly and substantial gentlemen; and at four, all categories become mixed. This is the really characteristic time of the bath, and the artist has chosen it for his illustration.

Some establishment of this kind ought to be founded in New York. Our public baths are rude and contracted in comparison, although our facilities for such institutions are far superior to those of Paris.

SOPRANO AND TENOR.

BERTIE HEYTESMERE'S STORY.

LET me begin like an "acting edition."

Scene: Miss Alice Rawnsley's drawing-room, 15 Burleigh Place, Bayswater. A quantity of musical publications, songs, programmes of concerts, etc., strewn about, betoken her profession. She is seated at the table talking to Bertie Heytesmere, *moi qui vous parle*.

"That is the exact state of the case," I say, replacing a letter in its envelope. "It is written with decision, very black ink, and an entire absence of beating about the bush. If I do not forthwith set about making a very serious proposition to a girl whom I particularly dislike—which unfortunately precludes the possibility of my making a similar proposition to a girl of whom I am particularly fond—Mr. Luttrell will 'cease to be enabled to subscribe himself my affectionate uncle, George.' Genial person, Uncle George, but decided!"

There was, I may admit to you, more than a leaven of deceit in my speech. My relative was not behaving like the traditional uncle in a comedy (who probably derives some of his characteristics from Sir Anthony Absolute), and insisting on my summarily uniting myself to a lady of his choice for the gratification of his whim. The fact was that I had at last screwed up my courage, and ventured to tell him of my attachment to Alice, of which he strongly disapproved; but as there happened to be a certain young woman of large wealth and considerable unattractiveness, about whom Alice did me the honor of exhibiting much jealousy, and as such portions of the letter as I had read to her admitted of arbitrary interpretation, I made up my own story—for, of course, I was anxious to avoid hurting poor little Alice's feelings by confessing that my uncle objected to her. It was very hard to take it all coolly, for his displeasure meant the withdrawal of the liberal income he had hitherto allowed me; but I could not show that before Alice.

"As for me, I can't change, you know," she said; "but I will never consent to be a cause of quarrel between you and the uncle who has been so kind to you. It shall not be through me that you—now, don't, Bertie! I want—don't! I want to talk sense."

"You shouldn't attempt impossibilities, little girl; and listen to me. I read you extracts from the letters partly because you made me do so, and partly because I wanted you to know how matters stand. You see that you are not the bone of contention between my uncle and myself—it's a much more osseous subject than you, dear. Of course it is a nuisance, a great nuisance, but not great enough to make us despond; and though I have no definite plans at present, I shall soon see my way."

"And don't you think, Bertie, that I ought to accept Betterton's engagement?" she asked.

"I hoped that you had done with singing forever, and hate the idea of your resuming the profession—especially on the stage. You'll travel about I don't know where, and I shall never see you," I selfishly added.

"I think I had better take the offer, dear, for if I'm not busy I shall mope; and there's nothing doing in the way of concerts—nothing at all. Besides, it's worth having, you know, twelve guineas a week and traveling expenses."

"I don't like consenting—however, do as you think best. It won't be for long, I hope. Betterton doesn't want an active and intelligent young man in the scene-shifting line, I suppose?" said I, trying to raise the feeblest of jokes. "Don't you think I should look well in a paper cap?"

"Would you sing, Bertie?" she said, eagerly. "But no, that wouldn't do."

"I don't expect it would, little girl. Betterton seems a very good sort of fellow, and I should be happy to afford him any gratification; but I don't think my rendering of 'In cielo benedetto,' from the *Lombardi*, for instance, would have the effect of transporting him to the place in question."

"Be serious, Bertie," she said, with a flutter of excitement in her voice and fingers as she searched through a little pile of letters on the table. "Who does sing 'In cielo' in tune? See what Betterton writes;" and she handed me his letter, and pointed to a passage which I read:

"I shall be in town on Tuesday, and will call about three to give you any information you may require in the event of your accepting, and to try and find a tenor. Northblossom asks (and deserves) more than I can give. Do you know one whose terms are not very high?"

"You don't mean to say that you think he would have me?" I asked.

"I do indeed, Bertie dear—I'm nearly sure that you would suit him, and you know a great deal of the tenor parts—but of course you wouldn't accept?"

"I wouldn't what?" I cried, frightened out of propriety of language at the idea. "Why, it is the very thing in the world that I should like best."

Throughout a life idle in every other particular I had enthusiastically indulged my love of music, and studied diligently, little dreaming that one day my industry would be turned to account; so I seized the notion with delight, and we filled up the time till Betterton arrived by building castles in the air of the most magnificent proportions and superb architectural detail.

My heart echoed his knock at the door, as he arrived at the appointed hour. He seemed pleased with Alice's acceptance, receiving the announcement of my candidature with equanimity.

"Sung a good deal as an amateur? No, thanks; I don't care much for newspaper criticisms," he said, in answer to an offer which I made of showing him some. "I'd rather hear you, if you will kindly sing something for me. May I look through your music, Miss Rawnsley?"

He selected "Agnès, ma jouvencelle," from *Fra Diavolo* which I said I knew, and seating himself at the piano, commenced, with perfection of touch, to play the symphony; and then for the first time I realized the position, and trying to draw a deep breath, found that there was none to draw. His deft fingers pressed the keys, and I saw that in two bars—in a bar and a half—in one bar, I must commence. I have no idea how I did so, but suddenly I heard the sound of my own voice, and, hearing it, a little confidence came to my aid. It was not a very difficult song. I feared only one passage; and as Betterton turned the page I saw the little ambush of black notes thickly clustering together, with a big white open one at the top of all, which seemed to be lying in wait to entrap me. As I came to them Alice laid her hand on my arm, and, summoning up all my strength, I attacked my enemies. The little ones fell easily before me, and then with a fresh breath I engaged the big one, and victoriously overcame him, he offering no resistance, for I held him aloft, and he was quite steady, and easy to manage; though a full, strong, able-bodied note for all that.

I don't think any grunt was ever so difficult of interpretation as Betterton's when he struck the last chord. Whether it meant utter contempt or lively appreciation I could form no idea; but there was a smile on Alice's face which led me to hope that I had not failed; and I was comforted.

Faust was open on the piano, and the manager carelessly turned the leaves.

"You know this, I suppose?" he said, as he came to the duet in the garden scene. "Do you mind trying it with Mr. Heytesmere, Miss Rawnsley?"

We sang the recitative; and I commenced

"Dammi ancor, dammi ancor
Contemplar il tuo viso,"

the perfectly beautiful air which follows. Then Alice's voice rang out sweet and clear—

"O silenzio, O mister,
Ineffabil mistero;"

and then we joined, both of us, loving the music, singing with heart and soul.

Betterton ran his fingers up the key-board when we had finished, and for a moment I feared that he was dissatisfied; but it was not so.

"Thank you, Mr. Heytesmere. Yes, I am happy to offer you the engagement," he said; and proceeded to arrange terms, etc. We were to join him at Maverford in three weeks' time, leaving us a week in which to settle the wedding, and a sufficient balance to admit of our spending two quarters of the honey-moon. I inwardly blessed him as he made his *adieux*, and soon retired myself; for, under the circumstances, I thought it probable that Alice would like to go up stairs and cry; and I wished to be alone also, and realize the rapid changes which the last few hours had brought about.

It would have been a great convenience to me if my uncle had seen fit to postpone his indignation until after quarter-day. Perhaps it did not occur to him; or perhaps he thought that I should prove exceptionally amiable to reason about the 20th of March: for though a ten-pound note and change for a sovereign are very good things in their way, they hardly constitute sufficient ballast wherewith to embark on the voyage of matrimony. I was turning this over in my mind when I reached my rooms, and found Charlie Mather reclining in an easy-chair, studying the sporting intelligence in a morning paper.

If Charlie's intellect had been in proportion to his goodness of heart, Shakspeare and he might have tossed up for first place: if his goodness of heart had been in proportion to his intellect—but it is needless to pursue this consideration, for there would have been hardly enough goodness to mention.

"Readin' the paper, old fellow," he said, after the usual greetings. "'Top-knot cantered in an easy winner by five lengths. The others close up, except Amaryllis, who trotted in with the crowd.' That's my mare—ran at Epsom yesterday."

"Very sociable animal," I suggested; "fond of society."

"P'r'aps that's it," he answered. "It's bad weather for horses, Daycott says—and for men, too, I think, when they have to pay such trainin' bills for nothin'. Corydon's runnin' to-morrow at Windsor. Will you come down?"

"I'm afraid I can't, thank you, Charlie. The fact is, I am going to be married on Tuesday, and my wife and I play in the opera of *Maritana* at Maverford on the 17th of next month," I replied.

His astonishment was of the very blankest description when I had convinced him of my seriousness; and he sank farther and farther back in his seat as I told him of the change in my fortune.

"Beastly fellow, that uncle—at least, I beg your pardon—but—" I prayed him not to apologize. "Isn't there any chance of his comin' round?"

"Not round to my view of the subject; at least, when he does come to it he doesn't like it. He's very determined, and won't change," I answered.

"Goin' to be married, and goin' to sing at the opera!" Charlie exclaimed, slowly. "By Jove! you'll have to know an awful lot of tunes, sha'n't you? It's rather quick work, though, isn't it? I thought it took a long time to pull these things off."

"In the ordinary way, the slaughter and preparation of the oxen and fatlings are rather protracted ceremonies, I believe; but we shall do without much beef and veal. Imprudent pair of song-birds, you think, setting up without a nest to go to? The material to help and line one would have come on quarter-day, under ordinary circumstances."

"But you must have a nest, and," he continued, plunging into metaphor for perhaps the first time in his life, "furniture in it, too, like other birds!"

"More than most birds, my good Charlie. We must have a piano; and they sing without accompaniment," I answered.

"That's chaff; but, seriously, you'll want money. You'll have to buy spangles and things, sha'n't you? And you know, Heytesmere, how very glad I shall be if I can do any thing to help you and the girl; and you can pay me when you are *primo tenore*—don't they call it?—at Covent Garden; or when you've found out about Peter's grandfather, and come into all that money."

I must interpret Charlie's allusion. My grand-uncle, Clement Heytesmere, was a lawyer, and had made the discovery that when society reached that interesting stage at which every one had his rights, we should have the Heytesmere property. We had not got it, nor had it been ours for generations; and though I do not know how many points the law has, possession is nine of them; and the law must be a regular porcupine if it leaves the unfortunate non-possessor enough to do him much good. My grandfather, Colonel Heytesmere, was the eldest brother, and took the matter up at first; but he could not prove where Peter was born, nor where Michael was buried, and, most important of all, where Percy and Anne were married; indeed, he was forced to conclude that if they had been through the ceremony at all, it must have taken place in some inaccessible backwoods in America—they were traced to the other hemisphere. Clement would not give up: wanted to quarrel with his brother for his lack of enthusiasm, and continued the quest alone, except inasmuch as my grandfather supplied him with money when Clement said it was necessary to success. It was supposed that he had found the chief links; and, casually, my grandfather came across a few important facts; but when Clement died, as he did very suddenly at Southampton, the old villain left no papers but an unpaid bill for wines and spirits and one useless certificate. Since then the search had been abandoned.

I was rather too doubtful as to the arrival of either period of repayment which Mather suggested to accept the check he tried to force upon me; but I took one for a smaller amount, and extracted from him his consent to give Alice away, if by a legal fiction she might be supposed to belong to him temporarily.

She and I appeared at the church on Tuesday morning, and were met by a very mild young curate, a very snuffy old pew-opener, and Mather, nervous and confused in the highest degree; but by their joint aid we were united with a security to which the whole bench of bishops could have added nothing; and then we started for our short tour.

It was not by any means a holiday, for I was obliged to perfect my knowledge as much as possible of the lyrical and dramatic joys and sorrows of Don César de Bazan, Manrico, Elvino, Edgardo, and various other persons who sometimes resorted to extremely complicated methods of expressing their feelings. The two weeks passed like two days; and then we ruefully said "Good-by" to pleasant little Beachley, and journeyed on to Maverford. Bertie Heytesmere was no more; Alice Rawnsley had ceased to exist; but a Miss Alison and a Mr. Heywood, who alighted at the Maverford Station, and were there received by Mr. Betterton, bore a striking resemblance to the "young couple" who had been staying at Beachley.

I must not plunge into anecdotes of my stage life, with all its novelty and excitement; for if I once begin, there will be no stopping. It was very strange, at first, to retire into a little room at the back of the stage each evening, dressed in a shooting-jacket, and to emerge anon in unaccustomed trunks and tights, face "made up," with red and white, and mysterious hair *crêpé*, or "crape hair" as it is generally called in the profession. Wigs were puzzling, too, at first; and having carefully tucked up the betraying natural crop, a terrible feeling would steal over me toward the middle of the first act that some slight exertion on the stage had disarranged the whole affair, and that from beneath the meretricious adornment of light hair the natural dark was becoming more and more visible, and forming an absurd contrast to the lightened eyebrows. But all this soon passed away.

We played *Maritana*, *Faust*, *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *Lurline*, *Sonnambula*, and the perennial *Bohemian Girl:* the fact that my wife had been a singer in some measure removing the brand of the amateur beast—so hateful to the profession—from my forehead. It was hard work, very hard; for there is a mighty difference between learning to sing a ballad with what you imagine to be taste and feeling, and joining in tune and time in the recitatives and concerted music throughout a long opera. A notion obtains among amateurs—you see, I speak from the other side of the stream now—that if one can sing a ballad "properly," the said one can sing any thing. There is a similar idea with regard to cooks; that if a man can cook a chop satisfactorily, he is capable of any culinary effort. Distrust each axiom. Ask the accomplished vocalist to sing "Salve, dimora," and the finished *chef* to dress you something special in the way of a *salmi*. *Vous verrez.*

To return to the opera, however. Though it was, as I have said, hard work, it was a very happy life. An old motherly contralto took a great fancy to little Alice, and was very kind to her (poor Marta! gone now forever beyond the reach of Mephistophelian temptation, did any one, in any nation or language, ever play the part of Margherita's unwary guardian as perfectly as you!). I got on admirably with Betterton, who was a most amusing companion when duty was over, and had seen musical service in every part of the world; from improvised concerts among the huts of Australian gold-diggers, to performances of music from a royal pen at a royal castle. With the company I may venture to say that I was not unpopular, when the first flush of rawness had worn away; and the local papers were kind enough to say civil things. Those country papers! How contemptuous we are of their opinions when they don't nearly interest us. How utterly we despise their ignorance when they cut us up. But if it so be that on looking down their columns we find a favorable criticism on something we have done, how rapidly we correct our notions as to their merits, and value the far-seeing wisdom of their remarks!

My wife's success was great, for she sang very charmingly, and acted with a natural talent and intelligence which to a great extent compensated for her lack of stage experience. But away from the theatre she was the veriest child—more fit to trundle a hoop round the town than to wear a symbolical golden one on her finger. Fate was propitious, or I don't know where we should have landed; for if the two ends had shown any disinclination to meeting, we were utterly incapable of inducing them to do so.

Our choice of residence at 15 Cliffe Road was not fortunate. Mrs. Ripps, the landlady, kept a stationer's shop in the High Street, and was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the editor of the *Times* and most of the leading publishers had conspired together to effect her ruin, by deliberately refusing to supply her with the various papers and magazines which she punctually ordered; for what reason she was quite unable to say, as she was not conscious of ever having done any of them an injury. Mrs. Ripps did not show the light of her countenance much at Cliffe Road, leaving us to the tender mercies of Lizer, a young person who, if wanting as an attendant—a fact which, I think, her most faithful friends would not dispute—was even more dismally a failure looked at in the light of a cook. In spite of all this, we enjoyed Maverford, and were sorry when our stay was drawing to a close. I had waited in vain for a letter from the uncle, but one day we received one from Charlie Mather. He was going south, and as he had to pass through the town, and was very anxious to see us, proposed remaining at Maverford for a day or two, if I would take some rooms for him at the hotel.

"Are you a sufficiently experienced matron to entertain a visitor?" I asked Alice. "Charlie Mather is coming to Maverford for a day or two, and of course he must stay with us."

Alice looked pleased, but serious withal. "I don't know, I'm sure, dear," she replied; "I'm afraid Mr. Mather would not like Eliza's cooking." And, indeed, the extraordinary variety of methods in which that damsel contrived to spoil our dinner, though curious from a numerical point of view, *was* a trifle disheartening to hungry people, and I could not but reply that Alice's fear had a foundation.

"She is a little tiresome sometimes, certainly. Do you think," she continued, with a due sense of the gravity of her proposition, "that if I were to try and cook things I could do them right? Don't laugh, dear; don't you think I could?"

"No, you baby, I don't think there is the slightest possibility of your being even remotely successful," was my annihilating reply. "However, we'll manage all that. Let's see, he ar-

rives at half past two; we can go and meet him as we come from rehearsal."

She consented to accompany me to the station, where Charlie's good-humored face was one of the first we saw.

Our guest was immensely delighted with Maverford and every thing there—though, for the matter of that, I never saw him in any combination of circumstances under which he was not perfectly satisfied and happy. Of course he went to the opera the first evening; and it was decided that next day we should take him for a drive to see the neighborhood, going by the London road to enable Alice to visit her latest *protégées*. But events were ordered otherwise. Instead of repeating the familiar *Rose of Castile*, Betterton decided on playing the *Lily of Killarney*, and we were obliged to attend rehearsal; and indeed, apart from the music, I should not have liked Alice to go through the water-cave business without seeing that it worked well. I don't think that such scenes should be introduced into opera at all; if the music is not sufficient attraction, better give up the whole thing: however, the *Lily* is far too beautiful to be lost, and so will continue to be played in spite of objections to the plot. You see, a nervous girl becomes quite unstrung by knowing that all that acrobatic business is coming, and the reaction and excitement prevent her singing up to herself when it is over.

Alice was disappointed; but Charlie, gathering the gist of her regrets, of course expressed his determination of riding round to have a look at the place by himself; and he could leave the money.

Rehearsal went off smoothly; and when we returned to the house we found Charlie already there. He announced the fulfillment of his errand.

"Didn't you say you had never been to that cottage, Mrs. Heytesmere?" he continued. "You haven't seen the people, have you, Bertie?"

Neither Alice nor I had been near the place.

"Then how is it that I found this there?" he asked, drawing a scrap of paper from his pocket. It was a wrapper in which something had been sent through the post; and I took it and read:

"Clement H. F. Heytesmere, Esq.,
"109 *Riverside*,
"*Maverford.*"

"Uncle Clement, by all that's marvelous!" I exclaimed, "'109 Riverside,' why, that's a sort of provision shop, isn't it? How could it have got there? It was he, you know, who took such trouble about the Hall property."

Charlie had been keeping in his excitement; but the small spark which I had emitted set it in a blaze.

I thought it was very strange, and so I asked about it, and the people at the cottage said it had been used to wrap up some things they bought there. "But look here, Bertie, don't you go gettin' sanguine and all that sort of thing, and then bein' disappointed, you know," was Charlie's caution, he palpably thinking all the while that this discovery must bring about the most important results in the course of the next ten minutes. Alice did not exactly follow the matter, for I had not talked much about it to her, not wishing to raise hopes which might never be realized; and she looked on with wonder as I seized my hat and rushed off to 109 Riverside.

It was, as I had expected to find, a small grocer's shop.

"Is your master in?" I asked the shopman, who greeted me with a bumpkin grin of resignation, and was about to reply, when the proprietor emerged from his little den at the back.

"What can I do for you, Sir?—Mr. Heywood, I believe?" he said.

"That is my professional name. My own name is Heytesmere; and something which you sent from your shop yesterday has that name upon it, with initials the same as those of an uncle of mine who died some years ago. If you have any papers connected with him, they may prove of the highest value to me."

"There's a cupboardful up stairs, and—"

"I'll give you what price you like for them," I burst in.

"No, Sir; if you are one of the family, they rightly belong to you—though it's a great wonder that they was kept. Mr. Clement Heytesmere lodged here in my father's time, and a very strange old gentleman he was, as I well remember, though I was but a lad then: not quite right in his head, they did say—begging your pardon, Sir. He came down here, and said that he thought he had found a mine in the neighborhood—though, as you know, Sir, there are no mines any where near Maverford; and this was his head-quarters, on and off, for about a year. He'd go away for a fortnight and three weeks at a time, and then come back and sit day and night poring over old law-papers; but one day he left—ah, nigh upon forty years ago—and he didn't come back again, and never's been heard of since, that I know of. I'm not aware how the paper you have in your hand found its way down here; but there's a lot more up stairs, and I hope they'll be useful to you." Thus the shopkeeper; and I escorted a barrowful of Uncle Clement's documents back to Cliffe Road.

"Look here, Bertie, you just write—or I'll write for you—to my old lawyer, Lawson, of Gray's Inn. He'll pull you through, if any one can," said Charlie, vaguely gazing at the heap of parchments and papers, which I was vainly endeavoring to reduce to some sort of order. I could make nothing of them, however, though I tried until it was more than time to go to the theatre, where I was just able to dress and get on the stage to my cue; but I fancy there was a friskiness about Elvino's demeanor, and a jauntiness about the manner in which he took his troubles at the end of the second act, that Bellini hardly contemplated.

Lawson arrived next day. A little shriveled-up old gentleman, wearing a white neck-cloth, and raiment in the style of the last generation, who knew every one and every thing about him. He set to work, and among the papers found a pedigree which Uncle Clement had drawn up, showing the discoveries he had made—what his mine had yielded—and the few things which were still wanting. Yes, Fate was propitious—it wasn't worth Fate's while to persecute such a harmless little creature as Alice—for among my grandfather's papers was a document of similar character to Clement's, and the two dovetailed in, fitting together the missing links and making all clear!

"Your way is straight, but there are obstacles in it," Lawson explained. "The property has fallen in to Lord Steyningforth, as you probably know—the most obstinate old man in the kingdom; and I greatly fear that he will stubbornly oppose us."

"And that will delay matters for some time?" I said, rather ruefully; for this prospect had not occurred to me.

"Possibly for years," Lawson exclaimed, making a polite little bow to the law which could so legally obstruct justice. "I have, however, written to his lordship, and explained matters."

We all waited very anxiously for a letter—you may guess I was not anxious to play a part in that long and uninteresting drama, a chancery suit: at length the letter came.

"Lord Steyningforth had always been given to understand that the Heytesmeres were very estimable people" (an awfully vain old boy was his lordship); "and as his lawyer found Mr. Lawson's statement perfectly correct, he should be delighted to assist."

Thus with four lines about £5000 a year, and seven about a wretched little beast, worth half a sovereign, this dreaded personage cleared the course.

In the envelope was a paper covered by figures enwrapping a check.

"Very handsome of his lordship," said Lawson, handing it to me.

It was a check for the arrears of rent which Steyningforth had received, and he had inclosed the calculations.

* * * * * *

Betterton kindly insisted on giving my wife a benefit, and the emerald-and-diamond ring she always wears is the memorial of it: after a little while we settled down here.

Alice's favorite subject of discussion is, through whom was it all brought about?

I say through her; for if I had not married her I should never have gone to Maverford. She talks nonsense about the result of faithfulness on my part; but, after all, it was Charlie who made the essential discovery. All influences worked wonderfully together to help each other: and here we are at Heytesmere.

I think we have good reason to remember our engagement as Soprano and Tenor.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLES OF MUNICH.

In 1832 a resident of Munich, Herr Von Kurtz, having had his interest aroused in the forlorn condition of poor crippled boys, resolved to be the pioneer of their amelioration. Assisted by friends in this philanthropic enterprise, he was soon enabled to make the requisite arrangements in his residence for the reception of a limited number of boys. With some of the number he accepted a maximum payment of ten pounds per annum. He had a tutor for their instruction in the usual branches of the public elementary schools, and devoted the greater part of his own time to teaching them various industrial occupations. His indefatigable labors in this direction were attended by great success. After twelve years of unobtrusive usefulness, the attention of the government was in 1844 drawn to Herr Von Kurtz's establishment. Its name and fame had spread abroad, but having given it a firm basis, he not unwillingly consented to relinquish its management to the state; and by an act passed the same year the "Krippelhafter Knaben Anstalt" became a public institution, received a state endowment of eighteen hundred pounds, and a regularly appointed staff—namely, an inspector, resident director, a Protestant and Catholic chaplain, a school-master, industrial master, and medical adviser; a matron, female servant, and porter, for domestic duties. Pupils to pay ten pounds a year toward their maintenance, and all surplus revenue from subscriptions and bequests to be devoted to founding free scholarships. In 1850 a further donation of eighteen hundred pounds was made by the state; and at the present time the institution possesses a capital of six thousand pounds. It maintains an average yearly of twenty-six lads, at an outlay of four hundred and fifty pounds. The immediate wants of the pupils absorb but a small moiety of this; the work done by them brings in a considerable sum yearly. But the staff is necessarily an expensive one, happily capable of taking the much-extended duties to be imposed on it when the larger asylum now proposed is completed.

After the resignation of Herr Von Kurtz the Cripples' Home was located in Straubstrasse. It is a two-storied white house, with no institutional dignity about it or sign of its destination, except it may be the occasional apparition of pale faces at the windows. Within, on the right of the entrance, is a large school-room, some forty feet in length, but of scarcely sufficient height, and although well lighted, is certainly lacking in proper ventilation. Low square tables stand in double rank around the room. A great glass case occupying one end of the apartment is filled with a multitudinous display of articles made by the boys, such as artistic brackets, crucifixes, and card-trays, delicately carved *au jour* in various woods. On the left of the entrance is a cabinet workshop, in which are carpenters' benches and boxes of tools. The room is small, and evidently devoted to tasks of great delicacy, for which the observance of strict order is of special necessity. Connected with the school-room, and of the same dimensions, is a dining-hall. The following is the bill of fare. For breakfast the boys have half a pint of milk and a white roll; for dinner, soup, meat, vegetables; puddings on the fast days instead of meat, and on Sundays and red-letter days roast joints and beer. Stewed fruit is always an important item as an entremets. Supper consists of soup and bread-and-cheese, or some simple substitute, for the latter.

A large gymnasium is in a wing of the building. There those crippled little creatures perform terrific centrifugal spinning and trapeze tricks, which would puzzle many a boy sound in mind and limb. Indeed, at such times these limping, maimed specimens of humanity seem to the visitor endowed by sudden magic with the agility of monkeys. The performance of gymnastic feats is above all things their greatest delight, the only difficulty is to restrain them from overtasking their strength.

Over the dining-hall and school-room is a large dormitory, which always looks fresh and pleasant and scrupulously clean, but the little beds are, perhaps, too closely ranked together. All have good horse-hair mattresses, feather pillows, blankets, linen sheets, and a plumeau above all. A little shelf pulls out of the bedstead frame to make a seat. A night table with drawers for hair-brush and comb stand by each. Wardrobes for the boys' clothes occupy one end of the room, and the washing apparatus the other.

The private apartments of the school-master (the industrial master is non-resident) and of the Herr Director adjoin the great dormitory. Especially is the private domain of the Herr's a Gothic sanctum for studious leisure. On shelves enriched with curious carving stand dignified folios and octavos, gorgeous with Renaissance gildings, quaint ancient flagons, grim antique weapons and armor, multitudinous waifs of the past, from imperial seals of miraculous intricacy, cabinets and caskets where rich burghers of old kept their treasures, disinterred rings and relics, and carefully preserved gay tapestry, all hung or niched, half hidden in the dark carved work, that veils the wall.

Under the charge of the director are lame boys of every variety, boys with irons around their thin ankles, boys half paralyzed, others with ten fingers so crumpled and twisted by a cruel freak of nature, it seems miraculous that they can ever learn the functions of human hands; hunch-backed boys also are there, perhaps occupying the best vantage-ground for success. Scrofula lies at the root of most of the deformities which these unfortunates have had born with them; the hunchback is rarely of the number. Scrofula saps all the vital functions, and though acute but in one limb, debilitates all the others more or less. There is sometimes a sort of weird beauty in their pale faces, but always quiet self-reliant pride. One must not look for the bashfulness and pretty gaucheries of childhood within the realms of crutches; such things vanish with the first consciousness of an exceptional destiny.

From almost helplessness by careful treatment these lads are able to develop artistic taste and dexterity. In the establishment is a boy ten years old, straight in shoulder and limb as boy need be, but having on each hand but two fingers. A short time since the boy could do nothing but eat with those maimed hands; now he can write prettily, draw a little, and use edge-tools with perfect accuracy and skill. His affliction has been far surpassed by one of his predecessors, who had one finger only on each hand; but so well, too, had he applied himself to circumvent his deficiencies that he became quite famous in the institution for his handiwork, and is now earning his living outside its walls. What must the fate of such a boy have been if he had not met with the patient care, the unwearied help and encouragement, given there? Another crippled boy of the Austalt left the institution at fifteen an accomplished art workman, and is now a celebrity in his native country, complimented by royalty, sought by theatre managers whenever a public festival needs graceful decoration. Not a rich man, perhaps, but one of the happiest in his simple independence; unwearied in the work he loves as only the born artist loves the work his genius makes a part of himself.

Some of the boys are veritable little kobolds; but with an artistic outlet for the spirit, good instead of evil comes of it. In carving, turning, inlaying, marqueterie, and a variety of decorative arts, they have executed some surprising specimens of workmanship. Giant bonbonnières are built by them which are wonderful specimens of card architecture. These bonbonnières have ivory-like columns supporting fantastic cornices, the walls behind are gorgeous with plaited silk, the lids marvels of fairy ingenuity. The boys make every conceivable kind of elegant toys in papier-maché, and an infinity of small articles, such as screens and dressing-cases, and picture-frames on which are inlaid wonderful intaglios of scrolls, foliation, birds, and shells, in metal, ivory, and mother-of-pearl. The designs for these things are all made by the Herr Director.

Great pains is bestowed in teaching the lads drawing, as the accuracy of touch and precision of visual measurement given by it is of the greatest use in supplying any natural manual deficiency. The director never allows a boy to attempt any delicate kind of work until he can handle a pencil freely. They are taught to copy from foliations, alphabets of fancy letters, including every possible variety of design, with the care and accuracy of a mediæval illuminator. Their specimen copies of mezzotints and fine steel engravings are so exquisitely done that it requires the closest inspection to distinguish the original from the other. It is, indeed, almost incredible that such surpassingly delicate workmanship could be the product of these crippled beings. Stenography also is taught; it is a profession they may often be able to follow, requiring no outlay of capital in its pursuit. This study is an innovation of the director, and its success among the lads fully justifies it, several of them being able to phonograph ninety words in a minute.

In the majority of instances the boys do not follow the trades thus learned; but the end chiefly sought by the institution is obtained when the boys achieve the manual dexterity resulting from these employments. On their leaving, if of very poor parents, they are apprenticed from the establishment funds to some suitable trade, and there is no difficulty in finding good masters for them. By the first statutes made no boy was admitted to the asylum under twelve years of age; but as preference is given to the poorest candidates, it was soon found expedient to relax the rule. The task of their physical education especially is far easier when commenced quite early. Parents too often trade on a child's deformity; the poor creature is driven out to beg until it grows to like the occupation, and better things for it are soon almost impossible. The vanity thus engendered is a strange moral phenomenon.

All the boys are under constant surgical supervision, and every medical alleviation is at their service; many have been restored by careful treatment to the complete use of their limbs. By singular good fortune the Herr Director is himself learned in orthopedic science, and has effected since his appointment some important improvements in the artificial limbs previously made in Germany.

TO LINA.

(WITH A BIRTHDAY LOCKET.)

Your sun is in brightest apparel,
Your birds and your blossoms are gay;
But where is my jubilant carol
To welcome so joyous a day?
I sang for you when you were smaller,
As fair as a fawn, and as wild:
Now, Lina, you're ten and you're taller—
You elderly child!

I knew you in shadowless hours,
When thought never came with a smart;
You then were the pet of your flowers,
And joy was the child of your heart.
I ever shall love you, and dearly!
I think when you're even thirteen
You'll still have a heart, and not merely
A flirting machine.

And when time shall have spoiled you of passion—
Discrowned what you now think sublime—
Oh, I swear that you'll still be the fashion,
And laugh at the antics of time.
To love you will then be no duty,
But happiness nothing can buy—
There's a bud in your garland, my beauty,
That never can die!

A heart may be bruised and not broken,
A soul may despair and still reck;
I send you, dear child, a poor token
Of love, for your dear little neck.
The heart that will beat just below it
Is candid and pure as your brow—
May that heart, when you come to bestow it,
Be happy as now.

SACRED ALLIGATORS.

The upper illustration on page 544 presents a view of Muggur Pier (the word Muggur means alligator), where the sacred alligators are kept. Formerly the pool or tank which contained them was open on every side, but it has been of late walled in all round to keep the sacred animals from the gaze of profane sight-seers. In a separate tank, a little higher up, used to be kept a male alligator, which was called the "Rajah." It was of great size, and frequently used to visit the large tank and fight the others with such ferocity as often to leave them in a very mangled condition.

Visitors to the tank generally purchase a kid, which is butchered and cut to pieces to feed the creatures. The native who usually attends upon the alligators calls them, and they all remain waiting on the shore with their mouths open, into which the pieces of kid are flung with well-directed aim. The picture represents a photographer in the act of focusing these monsters.

Muggur Pier is about five miles from Kurrachee, the principal sea-port of Scinde, on an inlet of the Indian Ocean. It has two natural springs about three feet from each other; one a cold spring, and the other a hot, sulphureous water, to which many natives resort for the cure of "elephantiasis."

THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

The scene represented in the lower illustration on page 544 forms a portion of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, which is one of the finest harbors in the world. The approach to the port from the sea is very attractive. First appear distant headlands, hardly to be distinguished from the clouds. Gradually their outlines become more distinct; other mountains are dimly visible afar off, while those in the foreground are seen to be clothed with verdure. Then houses come in sight, a battery or two, a fortification, and last of all the harbor is discovered. The entrance is marked by a remarkable hill in the form of a sugar-loaf, nine hundred feet high, close to its west side, while on the opposite side of the bay is the fort of Santa Cruz, on which is a light-house. Ships may enter either by night or day, there being no obstruction or danger of any kind. The water in the bay is deep enough to float the largest ships of war, while its area would accommodate all the navies of the world.